MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XII. NO. 30.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861. {WHOLE NO. 602.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining,—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

AGRICULTURE AS AN ART.

THERE is no business demanding such varied acquirements and such extensive knowledge—none that affords such full scope for the highest intellectual powers—as that of farming. The farmer has to deal with the works of nature, created by an All-wise Power—an Almighty hand—by that same mysterious power that set the flaming comet on its rapid course, and whose ways and works are past finding out. The farmer has to deal with the *earth*,—learn its different characteristics and capabilities, and its adaptation to the various plants he cultivates, the way to remedy its defects and appropriate its riches. The *air* and the *seasons*, too, must be his study; for they materially affect his interests, sometimes giving him a golden harvest, at others bringing rust and blight upon his crops and prospects. He must know something of vegetable physiology,—and the more the better,—for every day during the growing season he performs work for the growth of his crops, founded on the laws which govern vegetable life, and without this knowledge he labors in the dark, or follows the leading of those who may be as ignorant as himself. He should know the best means of growing those plants that are valuable, and the best way of destroying those that are noxious.

This would seem to be enough to require of one man, for the successful prosecution of one profession, and yet the farmer cannot stop here. He must know somewhat of the habits of the hundreds of insects that prey upon his crops, and threaten their destruction, or he cannot hope to wage a successful war against them; and above all, he must learn and distinguish between friend and foe, or he will not only destroy those that are innocent, but are his best helpers. The various domestic animals—the noble horse, the ox, the sheep—all require his care in health and in sickness. He must be their guide and protector as well as their physician in ordinary cases. The farmer must be a mechanic, for the recent and general introduction of complicated machinery upon the farm renders this absolutely necessary. The reaping machine, the seed-drill, the threshing machine, &c., requires care and skillful working.

In addition to all this the farmer must be a merchant. He must be able to judge where and when to sell the various products of his farm. Many thousands of dollars are every year lost to the farming interests for the lack of a little commercial ability. Wool, and cattle, and butter, and cheese, are often bought up by speculators at prices far below their real value. In view of the vast acquirements needed by the farmer, we are led to exclaim, with one of old, "Who is competent to this work?" We have never seen one who was master of his profession.

Some time since we received a very interesting and suggestive address by Prof. RUSSEL, delivered before the Essex Agricultural Society of Massachusetts, and determined to lay its more important suggestions before our readers; but it had quietly awaited a "convenient season," until a notice in another journal called attention to the matter and prompted us to the performance of what was likely to prove a neglected duty. Our own remarks, which are more lengthy than intended, are only designed as a fitting introduction to the accompanying extracts:

"Agriculture, considered in the light of an art, is no longer the confined and selfish consideration of how to feed and clothe a family, or the dwellers on a given area of the farm—mere labor of the most uncultivated kind can do as much;—rather than this little and narrow view, it becomes a branch of national industry, and maintains relations to the prosperity of a country. The object is now to make the most returns from the outlay; to enable the land from year to year to yield five-fold and ten-fold; to swell the aggregate sum of a State's productive resources; to invite capital to invest in its speculations; to convert sterility into fruitfulness; to anticipate exigencies for future time; to leave the world better than it was found, and restore to the primal paradise the portions cursed by the ignorance and selfishness of man. You are familiar, gentlemen, with the name of DOWNING, who is considered in this country what PAXTON is in England; men estimate him not so much by his knowledge and description of fruits and fruit trees, as by his endeavors to introduce correct ideas of landscape gardening; of the construction of elegant and commodious dwellings; and of a higher style of life in the pursuit of horticulture, to which science he was devoted. The art of agriculture does, in the grander modes, what landscape gardening does in the narrower; and there can be no reason why the most ordinary farm in Essex county should not borrow something from a higher style, to improve it and enhance its value. The time may be distant when in this country we shall be obliged to cultivate as carefully and scrupulously as is needful in older and more thickly settled countries, yet there can be no excuse for neglecting to obtain the greatest advantages from agriculture which lie in our power."

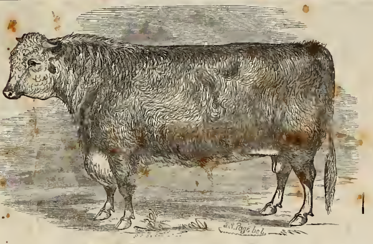
"The garden in the sacred Scriptures is spoken of as man's first residence, and it is the garden which is his last and highest effort in civilized life. The farm can be a garden full of all manner of trees and herbs good for food and pleasure. Your most productive farming operations cease to wear the aspect of what would have been the case not many years ago. A well laid out and carefully cultivated garden ranks among the highest efforts of artistical skill. In it the useful, ornamental and essential all combine. In one department may be found the forest trees; in another the kitchen stuffs; another herbs and perhaps flowers. Every superfluous plant is there an unsightly weed, and is carefully extirpated."

"Nicety of operation in sowing and weeding; studying the character of the soil; adaptation of this or that manure, to this or that field; will pay as well as the same means in the garden. We see this in what is called market gardening, and the most ready returns are from such farms as pursue the course which improved husbandry recommends. But no art can successfully be pursued without a science to aid and assist; to prompt the labor, and to point out the course."

"It were hardly to be expected in a country like ours, so young (and yet so old,) but with so many vocations open to its inhabitants, seemingly more honorable and easier of pursuit than agriculture (but alas! too often the reverse,) that the same careful solicitude for its advancement should have yet arisen here as abroad. The foresight and prospective wisdom of our greatest and most distinguished patriots have strongly recommended some action in our institutions of learning towards the enlightened pursuit of agriculture. But the precise method of inducing the study of farming as other studies are sought, is a difficult question to solve, and may not be easily pointed out. I do not pretend to offer any plan of my own, from ignorance of what has been done, and from inability to devise such. Yet it appears to me evident that the first obstacle in our way is the too common idea that other pursuits are more honorable than that of the cultivation of the soil. There perhaps is a good deal, too, in the remark that the highest kinds of agriculture are expensive and will not pay; and that artistic and scientific farming will do well enough for the capitalist, who can afford to lose money if needful. I think the root of this mistake lies deeper than this surface view. Agricultural schools and colleges may be well enough, but they seem to have objectionable features. I look with much expectation to the future for the diffusion of better ideas on this subject through our common schools."

"We should then insist on studies among primary schools connected with the science of agriculture. At its very basis lies the science of botany. No science else so refined, elegant, elevating to the mind; none so delicately suited to the feminine tastes. There is no reason why every boy and girl should not know about the very weeds, which look into their schoolhouse door, as much as about the multiplication table. Is not the structure, composition, uses, economical and artistical, of the wood that is consumed in the stove, as worthy an hour's lesson, as that of the rivers of countries scarcely trodden by man? In some towns the areas of schoolhouses are set with flowers and ornamental trees; this is well, provided the arrangement does not abridge the playground for athletic and health-inducing sports. But the science of botany needs no such botanical gardens for its apparatus; every dry reed-stalk left by the winter winds, every little weed, every green moss, are book and lesson and apparatus, to a mind healthy and properly instructed how to instruct."

"Adorn your dwelling with flowers, and encourage your children to cultivate them. Many a useful natural bent in the young has been lost by injudicious and thoughtless levity. Believe that an hour is not lost which your wife, or your daughter, or your son, spends in the garden, among the flowers which they have learned to love. Labor is relieved of half its toil when smiled upon by the elegances of life. I have been no heedless witness of these facts, and the most industrious hands, and the most loving and motherly hearts, have I found among those who cultivated the tulip bed or nourished the rose bush, in some corner of the farm yard, amidst discouragements which would have appalled the sterner sex had they been suffered to exist where the corn and the potato patch stood. 'The farmer's garden,' says ELIHU BURRITT, 'is the introduction to a large volume, of which every acre is a page, bearing the marks of his character. Viewed in this light, the gardens of New England are full of hopeful and instructive reading to those who consult their chronicles. They show that science, taste, and successful industry have been brought to bear upon agriculture. They mark the degree of mental culture and refinement to which the farmers of the country have attained.' Let our common school teachers, I repeat, understand that they are expected to communicate such knowledge or go without employment, and my word for it, you will find them all apt and fit for the task."



J. P. Page del.

HEREFORD BULL "CHANCELLOR,"

Imported and Owned by Mr. Thomas Aston, of Elyria, Lorain County, Ohio.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

ISAAC FUNK—AN ILLINOIS CATTLE KING.

"HAVE you ever visited ISAAC FUNK, B.?" asked a friend with whom I sat, talking, on the piazza of the Niccolls House at Bloomington.

"No, sir; will it pay?"

"Of course it will, and he will be glad to see you."

The matter was settled; we determined to ride ten miles south-west of Bloomington, and talk with one of the earliest settlers and largest land-holders in the State.

Having passed the station Shirley, on the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis R. R., the deponent deemed it necessary to make some inquiries about the road to be taken. Stopping at a house, I asked if I was on the right road to ISAAC FUNK's. "No," said the woman; "you oughter ha' gone through that gate yonder; but I reckon you had better take out through that par of bars till you git to a road, and then foller it, which is a right smart track, till you come to a little branch, with a bridge across it, in the timber; then take to the left, and keep bearing away till you reach the prairie, when you will see a yeller barn; then take towards the barn, and you will see a house, which will be ISAAC FUNK's house." Having carefully digested these very minute directions, I asked how far it was, and how long before I should reach Mr. FUNK's land. "Why, bless you, this is Mr. FUNK's land right across the road; it begins a half a mile back yonder. You have got to travel on his land all the way to his house—right smart four miles, *I* reckon."

Mr. FUNK owns a great deal of land?

"Bless me, yes—too much, *I* think. It hinders the country from settling, and makes our schools too far off. He owns more land than one man ought to own. It is no benefit to any body; though he is a right good neighbor."

How much land has he?

"About forty thousand acres, I reckon—at any rate a heap on't."

Added to the information obtained of the old lady concerning the route to be taken, was much giving an insight into the general sentiment of Mr. FUNK's neighbors with reference to the benefit which accrues to them and community generally by the one man control of so extended a domain. Conversation with a dozen of his neighbors failed to discover any cause of complaint in the grasping, reaching disposition of Mr. FUNK; on the other hand, he was spoken of in the kindest terms, personally; but there was unity in sentiment and expression on the subject of possession—"It is too much land for one man to own."

Crossing the road, and opening a pair of bars, I entered one of the prairie pastures, or ranges belonging to Mr. FUNK. A gallop of fifteen or twenty minutes brought me to the timber. Opening a gate, I followed the trail as it wound along the banks of a beautiful, tortuous stream, shallow, swift, and shaded by the most magnificent growth of timber I have seen in Central Illinois—burr oaks, five to five and a half feet through, splendid black walnuts, the beautiful American linden, cotton woods, elms, &c., &c., in all the glorious beauty of their primitive state. In the more open spaces, a thick undergrowth of blackcap and red raspberries, ripe and luscious, added to the *lingering* desire of the writer on that hot July day.

This was no make-believe, art-made park. It was nature's unadorned, yet most adorned work—the leafy realm of the Cattle King of McLean County. His herds and flocks roamed or rested here undisturbed, drinking from the pure Sugar Creek, or grazing on the lawn in the openings. My horse started suddenly, and a hundred grunts from as many hogs, startled me. A few moments later and I emerged on the prairie and found flocks of sheep, droves of horses and mules, and herds of cattle and swine, dotting the landscape on the east as far as the eye could reach. In the edge of the timber on my left stood an old log barn surrounded by a score or two of large seedling apple trees, loaded with fruit. Away to the right and west, in the edge of the grove, I discovered the yellow barn the woman said I should see; no other buildings were visible. Following instructions, I rode towards the barn. I had rode on this Illinois farm nearly four miles, when I found sundry wagon and cattle trails converging towards one point. Sundry civilized sounds were issuing from the edge of the grove west of the yellow barn—such as the hideous braying of mules, the neighing of motherly mares, and whinner of filial colts; the low of the matronly kine and blatant response of affectionate calves, the cackling of hens, pompous crow of cocks, gobble, gobble of turkeys, barking and yelping of dogs, &c., &c. Led by these sounds, I at last reached an opening, in which stood disclosed an ancient two-story wood-colored house, with front to the west, a chimney in each end, a door ditto, eight front windows,—four above and four below. There seemed to be no road or lane to the house. It seemed to be in the center of a half dozen inclosures, which involved the opening and closing of as many gates. Opening these gates and leading my horse, the inmost court in front of the house was reached. Here I found an old but substantial post and board fence, with caps, inclosing the home-yard proper. This yard embraces a half acre of ground, more or less, in which is the house, and in its rear and to the north of it, a half dozen small out-buildings. There has been no attempt made at floral ornament. The south and north sides of the yard are shaded by rows of cherry trees, six to ten inches in diameter, bearing the sourest and smallest of sour Morello cherries. Scattered through the yard are a few seedling apple trees, several of which are loaded with fruit. The only ornamental trees were a couple of small silver-leaf poplars, on either side of the door-way, and one or two old black locusts. Innumerable fowls filled the area, and gathered in the shade of the rear piazza, and a half dozen hounds gamboled about and quarreled over bones and other booty. The lawn is well worn, and carpeted only with May-weed, chickweed, and wire-grass—that peculiar mixture which follows fowls in their yards. In the rear and east of the house, on an elevation, stands the yellow barn before spoken of. It is, I learn, the only barn ever built by Mr. FUNK, in this State. It may be seventy-five or a hundred feet long, having a floor in the center for carriages and tools, entered by doors at each end of the barn. On either side of the floor are double stalls with open mangers and feed-boxes, and earth floors. These stalls are entirely inclosed from each other, each being entered by an outside door; there being as many doors as stalls.

I have been thus minute in my description of what I saw while tying my horse, learning that Mr. FUNK was not at home, but would be at 6 o'clock, and accompanying the boy to the yellow barn to put my horse in one of the stalls above described, because it may enable the reader the better to appreciate the man who has accumulated these thousands of beautiful acres, and his motives, when we see him.

THERE HE COMES.

I hear the bleating of sheep and the who-whoop of a clear, strong voice ringing in the soft evening air, and waking the echoes among the oaks and lindens. I jump from the top of a barrel under the shade of a locust tree, where I have been seated writing the foregoing. There he is. It is not easy to mistake the proprietor—the veteran cattle lord—not because of any proud, or haughty demeanor, any assumption of dignity or power. But those shoulders are bent with a burthen of care. The step has lost its elasticity; the man of sixty-four years, thirty-seven of which have been employed in the accumulation of this property, has reached the age of service, when, while he steps regularly and firmly, he walks with his right arm resting in his left hand, behind his back, his head bowed—when he has passed the summit of life and is traveling the down grade. He leads his fine gray horse to the gate, ties the bridle to the saddle bow, and turns him loose.

LET US LOOK AT HIM.

Dress has a moral effect upon a man's conduct; it is to a certain extent an index of his character. Therefore in describing the man we must describe the dress. He has on neither coat or waistcoat. He is crowned with a slouch black wool hat, the crown a cone, the apex of which is ventilated with a ragged hole. A pair of dark, well-worn, satinet pants are suspended from his shoulders, one knee of which has a large light-colored patch. His shirt is not fine linen, but plain cotton bleaching, the collar being fastened with a single button. He has a three days beard on his face; hair short, gray and wiry, curling slightly over a full, round, compact brow, behind which it is plain there is an active brain. He is five feet six or eight inches high, and will weigh 175 pounds. His eyes are seen under his jutting brows, dark, keen, searching. He has evidently lived long enough to read mankind—to know the make up of a man, as well as a steer, at a glance.

INTRODUCTION AND RECEPTION.

He has been in the house and is now leaving it for the gate. I intercept him. "Is this Mr. FUNK?"

"My name is FUNK," is the sharp, short reply in a tone of voice which seems to ask, "What of it?" and his eye glances from beneath his brow with a strong magnetic light. I hand him my credentials. He deliberately takes from his pocket his glasses, and studiously deciphers the letter of introduction from our mutual friend OVERMAN. This done, he says,—"Glad to see you, sir. Walk in, and let's sit down. I am very tired; have been hard at work to-day." Seated, he enters into a conversation on general topics, expressing his opinions with great frankness, and exhibiting familiarity with topics talked of.

WHERE HE WAS BORN—WHEN HE CAME HERE.

ISAAC FUNK is a native of Kentucky. He was born in 1797. In 1807 his father emigrated to Fayette Co., Ohio. Here his father lost all his property, and in 1824, two of the brothers, ISAAC and ABSALOM FUNK, came hither and settled within a few yards of the place where I am now writing. Their property consisted of three horses, two yoke of cattle, and $328.60 in cash.* It was their aim to settle where they could secure elbow room—range for stock, and where they could get lands cheap. They had had experience in the handling of stock, and knew something of its profits. Want of space will prevent the transfer from our note-book to the pages of the RURAL, of many interesting incidents, adventures, and experiences related by Mr. F., as connected with their early history in this State. He assured the writer that when young, he had a great deal of "spunk." He came here determined to make a living and lay by something which he could use when he got old. The loss of property which his

71.2009.085.20512

father had suffered had aroused his pride, and he had determined to recover. A neighbor told me that there was another motive; they were determined to pay their father's indebtedness, which they have since done. There were twenty-five years when neither hot weather nor cold prevented Isaac from attending to his business. He has frequently rode 24 hours, only stopping long enough to eat his meals. Said he had rode from Chicago home, 150 miles, starting one morning and reaching home the next morning in time for early breakfast, getting no sleep except such as he secured on his horse. He once made a trip to Missouri, being gone 77 days—sixty-six days and nights of which he was out of doors, constantly watching and driving cattle. He drove the first drove of cattle and swine to Milwaukee, Galena, and Chicago. And he was the first Illinois drover who drove cattle to Ohio. Said he had driven hogs to Galena when there was no house after leaving Peoria, until within 15 miles of Chicago. But we must skip over the experiences, and state the results, as we find them to-day.

SIZE AND STOCK OF THE FARM.

Eighty acres of land were first purchased; the brothers, however, were here long before the lands came in market, and consequently occupied a great range. Isaac and Absalom continued to operate in company until 1841, when they dissolved partnership and Absalom removed to Chicago, where he has since died. The home farm now consists of 20,500 acres in one body. There are 5,000 acres more in the county, making altogether 25,500 acres owned by him, in this county of McLean. About half of this land was purchased at Government prices; the other half at prices ranging from $5 to $30 per acre. The most of this land is paid for. A recent purchase of $60,000 worth of land, from the Illinois Central Railroad Company, is not quite paid for. During the present year payment will be completed. The stock on the farm to-day (July 10th,) is as follows:—1,000 beef cattle, ready for market, where they will be driven as fast as the market will warrant; 200 cows with calves; 400 stock cattle; 500 sheep of the middle class of wool; 500 head of swine, beside the pigs which he does not count; 240 horses and mules, one year old and upwards, and 60 sucking colts. He has 2,000 acres under the plow, 600 acres in meadows, and the balance inclosed for pasture. Three thousand acres of these pasture lands are in tame grasses—blue grass, timothy, clover, and red top. In seeding for pasture, he would seed with timothy, clover, and red top. The blue grass comes in naturally here, and runs all other grasses out. Meadows are quickly ruined by it, and have to be plowed. In the East, timothy in a meadow quickly runs clover out; here the clover is the strongest and longest lived. It triumphs over the timothy. Blue grass pastures are very valuable for fall, winter, and early spring pasturage, but they should not be fed during the summer when they are to be so used. Horses and mules winter well on blue grass—half the winter, frequently they get nothing else. Sheep cost little if they have such pasture; they frequently live on it exclusively. Mr. Funk thinks sheep, with proper accommodations for shelter, and with an abundance of blue grass pasture, would pay a larger per centum profit on the amount of capital invested, than any other kind of stock, except mules. But he has never entered largely into the handling of sheep, because they require more care and involve a greater amount of labor than he could command; in short, as he expressed it, he has "never been fixed for it." He believes cattle, all in all, give more profit than hogs—that is, it pays better to feed and market them on the whole—because the market is more stable and uniform. Mules are the best paying stock—better than sheep, on the same amount of capital invested.

HOW HE WINTERS CATTLE.

Mr. Funk usually winters over from 700 to 1,000 head of cattle, and stall-feeds for early spring market from 300 to 500 head. He markets his stall fed cattle about the first of April. He buys cattle all the time, whenever he can do so profitably. Those he sells in the summer and fall are generally three years old. The class he stall-feeds are generally four years old. The Eastern reader will think it a queer kind of stall feeding, when he is assured that not one of these animals go inside a stall or are tied up during the winter. A little farther on we will give Isaac Funk's definition of stall-feeding. He prefers to buy cattle (steers) the spring they are two years old. They usually cost then, if good ones, from $18 to $25 per head. These are kept one summer, one winter, and the half the next summer, when they are in condition to market, and will average from $45 to $52 per head. He winters his cattle on shocked corn. The steers that are to be wintered through and marketed in mid-summer are "strong-fed." Those that are to go to market the last of March or first of April, are "stall-fed." The difference in the two modes of feeding is that the bullock that is being stall-fed gets all he can eat and a good deal more, while the one that is strong-fed, gets enough to keep him thriving finely all winter—gaining in flesh, and growing too. The corn is drawn from the field on wagons, to the pasture or lot where the cattle are herded. One man feeds from 75 to 100 head. And this care occupies him from early morning till late at night. He rises and eats breakfast by candle light, and draws corn with from two to four yoke of oxen—the amount of team depending upon the condition of the soil—all day, and returns and eats his supper by candle light again. Mr. Funk says the true way to feed is to provide two fields for each company of cattle. Feed the cattle in one field to-day, and in the second to-morrow; to-morrow turn one hog for every strong-fed, or two hogs for each stall-fed animal into the field in which the cattle were fed to-day; changing each day, the hogs following the cattle. He says one acre of good corn will winter one bullock if strong-fed; if stall-fed it will require one acre and a half per bullock. The cattle have no other feed, and no protection, except timber, if they happen to be feeding near it. Salts his stock with this feed about every third day, and provides them plenty of water. Beef, if fit to go to the New York market, sells here at $3 to $4 per cwt., gross; packing cattle at $2 to $2.50 per cwt., gross. He has not marketed cattle in Chicago in four years. It used to be his market. When he ships East it is via Joliet cut-off, through Michigan and via the Suspension Bridge to Albany and New York.

SWINE—BREEDS AND MANAGEMENT.

I have indicated above the way the swine are fed. They are mainly bred here on the place. The present stock consists of a mixture of Irish Grazier, Bedford, Byfield, and Berkshire. Objection is made to the Berkshire because they do not cross well with common hogs; neither do they dress as heavy as many other breeds. The Byfields are liked better—a good deal better. The leaf-lard in the Byfield will weigh nearly or quite double that of the Berkshire. The Byfield will not eat as much in proportion to their weight as the Berkshires. He regards the Chester Whites as excellent, but has had little or no experience with them. The average market price for pork here has been from $4 to $5.50 per cwt., net. Sheep are regarded more profitable than hogs.

MULES.

What does it cost to keep a mule until it is three years old?

"Do not know; never calculated. But it does not cost as much as it does to raise a steer. The past three years, a good fair average mule has been worth $130. A part of the time he would bring more. These figures are for an average mule, when thirty or forty are sold together. A good one would bring more than that. Mr. Funk feeds them on shocked corn, hay, and sheaf oats. They are never stabled. If the winter is open they will live half the time on blue grass pasture without other feed. When sheaf oats are fed, they are cut; but it is not profitable to cut the sheaf fine in a cutting-box. It is found that if it is cut three or four times with a broad-ax or hatchet, the mules eat it with a better relish, and eat it up cleaner, than if cut finer. The mares from which he breeds mules are never fed corn at all. He has mares ten years old that have never tasted corn. A good sized mule is one fifteen hands high, if made proportionally. Mr. F. thinks such an one is worth more than a larger one. He finds them longer lived than horses. Places their average age at 25 to 30 years in this country. A good Jack here costs from $500 to $800.

GRAIN GROWING.

But little wheat or oats are grown on this farm. Corn is the principal crop cultivated. Mr. Funk is down on wheat culture; and down on growing grain of any kind to draw to market. He says a man worth five or six thousand dollars may soon sink it in wheat-growing. And he asserted that if a man grows a crop of corn yearly, and being too poor to buy stock and feed it, sells it in the shock on the ground where grown, at 15 cents per bushel, he will be worth at the end of five years, double the money that his neighbor will who grows the same amount of corn and draws it five miles and sells it at 25 cents per bushel. Why?

"Because the man who draws the corn five miles loses time, labor, wear and tear of team and wagons, gets his money in driblets, and it goes in driblets; at the end of five years it is all gone. I tell you it is better to sell it at 15 cents at home and not move it, than to move it five miles. It costs more than the extra 10 cents, to move it, in the end. It does not pay to draw grain. True, a few years ago, some men grew wheat and got $1.50 per bushel for it; but had they been compelled to take 25 cents for it, they would have been better off to day. They would not have spent all they had in trying to grow more. The wealthiest parts of Ohio, to-day, are those parts where the farmers could not market their grain, and were compelled to put it into stock. So it is in Illinois."

TENANTS AND HIRED MEN.

A good deal of his land is rented to tenants. When the tenant has teams and tools of his own, and boards himself, he pays the landlord two-fifths of the corn in the shock and two-fifths of the small grain in the half bushel. When the landlord furnishes the tools and teams, he receives one-half in all cases. If the landlord furnishes the team, he provides food for it the first season, or until the tenant can make a crop, when the latter feeds from his share of the products of the land. Mr. Funk says no man can afford to hire men to grow and market grain at present prices. Men do not half work; few earn the money they exact; at present prices of grain, none do. He thinks if men got less wages they would lay up more money. He has worked many months at $8 and $10 per month. But men *worked* then. Mr. F. deprecated, in strong terms, the apparent effort of young men to live without labor. The *principle* of labor, the law of service, he believed to underlie all prosperity, and form the base of the integrity of a people. He discovers much that is hopeful in the fact that capital and talent are both being turned into the channels of Agriculture—that the world has begun to recognize the complex character of a business upon which depends all progress. On this subject, and on the importance of a recognition of this *principle* of labor by all men, no matter their wealth or position, he talked long, forcibly and well.

HOG CHOLERA.

He has never had any cases of this disease on his place, although cases have been reported within six or eight miles of here. Thinks the disease is easier prevented than cured. He would not herd them in close pens. Would feed sulphur, copperas and ashes, and provide them with fresh grass and good water. Good sweet grass and a wide range are essential to good health. If confined close in damp places, with access to the black soil of slough, they are sure to become diseased. The black slough soil is poison to swine; fattening hogs do much better on a yellow clay soil than upon the black soil of our prairies.

BLOODY MURRAIN.

This disease has troubled his herds more than any other. Some think it brought on by a sudden change in the condition—from a poor to a fleshy state, and that thus the blood vessels are affected. Mr. Funk thinks poor water the cause in some instances; and the manner and condition in which the animal is fed, in others. A good preventive is wood ashes and sulphur fed with salt. He does not think there is any help for the animal after it is once positively diseased. The best remedy is to give some thorough purgative as soon as any indications of disease are discovered. It sometimes happens that this will prevent mortification, which soon takes place unless some such measure is adopted. He advises bleeding cattle, especially those which have been strongly fed in the spring. He bleeds all of his by slitting the tail with a knife. Especially if the end of the tail is hollow, this should be done. Sometimes he ropes the neck and bleeds the animal there strongly. He thinks spring bleeding very useful—even necessary. He also recommends mixing wood ashes with the salt and feeding it to cattle. It helps keep them healthy, sleek, and smooth.

BUYING BULLS OF PEDDLERS AND AT FAIRS.

On this subject a long chapter might be written, recounting the injury done to breeders and to the disposition to improve herds in the West. My attention was called for the hundredth time to this subject, by the remarks of Mr. Funk. He would not buy a bull at a Fair, so many that are there exhibited are fitted up to exhibit and to sell. Those that can be bought are rarely worth buying. He prefers to go and see the stock on the farm where it is kept—to examine the offspring of the animal.

If a man purchases one of these pampered bulls at Fairs, he rarely gives him the care necessary to keep him in prime condition; if he knows *how*, he does not do it; few men know how. Of course the bull runs down, the owner becomes disgusted and tells his neighbors fine stock is all humbug. If, however, he is careful to go and see the stock in the pasture, where it is kept economically, without any polishing process, he is better able to judge of its real merits, and is less likely to wish his purchased animal in Dixie two months later. Three-fifths of these exhibition animals are spoiled. Mr. Funk does not advise a man who proposes handling stock, to buy full blood fancy cattle. Would rather have crosses of a thorough-bred bull with native cows. He thinks there is more money in proportion to their cost in the grades than in the pure bred Durhams. He likes the Durham better than the Devon, as a standard stock.

But of all the classes of men who outrage green Western men, the *stock peddlers* are the greatest villians. They buy up the refuse stock of Eastern herds or flocks, add to their flock every good looking fine wooled sheep they can pick up cheap on the road, and every spotted animal they can buy at a bargain, write up a pedigree, get it printed on a slip of paper; thus prepared they perambulate the country with their "blood stock" and "sell at a sacrifice" to all who are so green as to allow themselves to be duped—and their name is legion. There are scores of men in the West who have a big-boned, ring-streaked and speckled stock of cattle which they really believe to be descendants of the oldest and purest Durham families. And it cannot be beat out of their brains; for is there not the pedigree traced straight back to Jacob! 1867343? Of course it is, and there can be no mistake about a *printed pedigree!* O, ye dupes!

HORSES.

Mr. Funk breeds few horses. He regards mules much more serviceable. He has some Morgans, but, while they are good roadsters, he regards them too light for farm service. He says we want a class of horses 15 to 16 hands high, well proportioned—that will make good saddle horses, fair roadsters. Weight is necessary—not too heavy however. Horses that will weigh 1,250 to 1,300 pounds are about right if they are rightly put together. If a horse weighs less than 1,000 pounds, he is too light for farm uses.

HOW HE GROWS CORN.

The ground is prepared by plowing and harrowing, and planted in check-rows with Brown's planter. After it is sprouted, a large two-horse harrow and team is put on and the ground thoroughly harrowed, regardless of the corn. This done, it is cultivated with a three-toothed cultivator, going twice in each row; then again with a double shovel plow. Frequently after the shovel plow, a scouring plow is used, but a double shovel plow is regarded the best implement to use after the harrow. He prefers to harrow before the corn is up. Many in this country wait until the corn appears, then knock the center tooth out of an A harrow and drive astride the rows. If the ground proves cloddy, he rolls it, immediately after harrowing, with a heavy field roller. He says rolling and harrowing pays excellently here, the soil being inclined to grow cloddy. It must be pulverized so that the young plants may grow without being retarded. One reason why Brown's corn planter is so generally approved in this country, is because it rolls the earth which covers the hills, and pulverizes it. The roots of the young plant do not have to ramble over a square rod to find food—to find something beside dry clods and cold air. Mr. Funk recommends fall plowing, and the back-furrowing the ground in narrow beds. He says it will pay; it will increase the crop so as to more than pay the inconvenience which may result in the prosecution of the harvest. Such testimony from a large farmer who does his work in the cheapest way, looking to the greatest profit, ought to be received as having a good deal of weight.

---

* Since writing the foregoing, my attention has been called to the following paragraph by an eastern contemporary who has rushed through the West, and is accordingly accurately posted! Our statements may be relied on, for they were given us by Isaac Funk in person. It will be interesting to compare them with the following:

"Isaac Funk came here from Ohio when the country was new. He brought with him all his worldly goods, consisting of a horse, one yoke of oxen and a fur hat. He commenced working some land, and traded his fur hat in the village for a sow in pig, and drove her home bare-headed. He bred all the pigs he could, and raised corn to feed them. He has now *twenty-seven thousand acres of land*, all paid for, estimated to be worth over $800,000. His stock of horses, mules, hogs and fat cattle are worth another $100,000, and he owns a good deal of railroad stock besides. He has acquired this immense wealth by farming. He has never speculated in anything, except in buying cattle. He has eight sons,—great stock men,—all of whom assist him in his farming operations. He has one pasture field of 8,000 acres, inclosed with a plank fence, another of 3,900 acres, and another of 1,000 acres. His principal crop is corn—raising only enough wheat for his own use. He usually consumes all the corn on the farm. His average sales of cattle in New York are said to amount to $70,000 per annum."

SHOCKING AND CAPPING WHEAT.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Much of the anxiety exhibited by wheat growers during harvest for the security of the crop, can be dispensed with if they will only learn to properly shock and cap their wheat. We lay it down as an axiom, that *wheat should be capped in all kinds of weather.* It should be cut before the kernel is fully hard, and if set in open shock in *hot weather*, the kernel hardens rapidly, and is apt to shrink, but when capped the kernels harden gradually, and the remaining juices of the stalk are conveyed to the head, which has a tendency to *fill out* the grains and thus make larger kernels. There is also less danger of the heads breaking off when drawn to the barn and put in the mow, for the straw is less brittle than when it is cured in the sun.

Wheat that was cut at the *commencement* of the rainy harvest in 1855, and capped, was uninjured, notwithstanding it remained in the field about three weeks, exposed to heavy showers nearly every day and night.

It can be capped in either long or round shocks, but the round shocks stand the firmest and are less exposed to the wind. Long shocks can be capped, by putting the butts of two bundles together over the middle of the shock, letting the tops project over the ends. The butts should be pressed firmly together, and sufficiently elevated to carry off the water at the tops.

The best way to shock is to set four bundles close together, with the tops a little inclining toward each other, in the form of a square, which leaves four spaces; then set a bundle in each space, which completes a shock of eight bundles, and a part of each one is thus exposed to the air and sun, which would be entirely excluded from the inside bundles of a *perfectly round shock.* Then break over the tops of the caps to one side, at nearly right angles with the handle, commencing at the band; and, if properly done, there will be formed a peak at the opposite side, near the top of the sheaf. Open the butts, on the side of the sheaf to which the top is bent, and place the cap on the shock, the heads reaching past the middle, with the butts projecting over the side. Put on the second cap from the opposite side of the shock, with the heads reaching well over the band of the first; spread the butts of both caps around the shock, and the work is done. When wheat is *well capped* in this manner, it can remain in the field for several days without injury from the rain or sun. It will be observed that not only the eight sheaves are protected, but the caps themselves are in a position to shed rain effectively, for they soon become dry after a shower.

N. B. AMENT.

Mt. Morris, N. Y., 1861

Rural Notes and Items.

Of the Season and Crops we can report but little progress since our last. The continuously cool weather—and especially cool nights—has greatly retarded vegetation of most kinds. The grass crop is full two weeks later than usual, and timothy was scarcely fit to cut until the present week; consequently many are now in the midst of haying. Some wheat of the early varieties has been cut, but at this writing (July 22) the harvest has not fairly commenced in this region. Corn, melons, cucumbers, tomatoes, &c., are much "behind time," and the prospects are dubious. Potatoes and beans promise well.

◆

The Account of "An Illinois Cattle King," given in this number from the pen of our Western Aid, will be perused with interest by thousands of Rural readers. Though it may seem like a romance to many—and to us it has proved quite as entertaining as a first-class novelette—let it be remembered that the writer deals in and with facts, and that truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction. As we could not well divide the "veritable history," it is given entire, to the exclusion of our usual variety—in the belief that none of our agricultural readers will complain of "too much of a good thing."

◆

The Farm of Robert J. Swan, Esq., of Seneca Co.—beautifully situated on the eastern shore of Seneca Lake, near Geneva—is to be let for a term of years, as will be observed by announcement in our advertising department. It is a very superior farm, and was awarded the first premium of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society in 1858. We regret that Mr Swan's health compels him to leave a homestead so valuable and pleasant, and trust "Rose Hill Farm" will soon have a competent and appreciative tenant.

◆

Samples of Wheat.—Mr. Edgar M. Potter, of Gates, near this city, last week handed us several heads of a variety of wheat which he is growing, known as "Lambert's Weevil Proof"—seed obtained in Ohio. He tried the Lambert last season, and was so well pleased with the result that his present crop is almost exclusively of that variety. It is a beardless variety, fine, plump berry, and apparently matures early—the heads being fully ripe, and the crop fit to harvest in advance of most other varieties. We hope Mr P. will, at the proper time, give us the figures as to yield and other particulars.

Mr R. S. Chapin, of Bloomfield, Ontario Co., sends us (by mail) a head of wheat called the "Hopewell"—said to be a new variety in that section. As the head was not fully ripe, we could not judge of the quality of the grain.

◆

The English Buying Wool and Wheat in our Market.—A recent number of the *Troy Times* says:—"We have seen a private letter from a perfectly reliable source in Michigan—a consignor of wool in this market—which states that English agents are purchasing wool in various parts of that State, and that they want 15,000,000 lbs. in all. English agents purchased nearly all the Canadian clipping last year; but this is the first instance, we believe, of purchase on English account in the State. The effect of this will probably be to increase the price of wool here, as our entire stock in the absence of importations cannot be sufficient to supply the home demand. The same writer informs us that the English agents referred to have recently purchased $200,000 worth of wheat in Chicago."

◆

Premium for Flax Cotton.—The R. I. Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry, offers $500 for the best bale of prepared flax cotton of not less than 50 lbs., without respect to the place of its manufacture, which shall be shown at the Society's Exhibition in Providence, Sept. 11th. It must be proved that the article is of a quality, and can be produced in quantity and at a price to be an economical substitute for cotton. Such a premium will be likely to create competition, and aid in dethroning King Cotton.

◆

Profit of Sheep Farming.—A correspondent of the *Ohio Field Notes*, who keeps an account with his sheep, says:—"The increase of my flock and the wool makes a profit of about three hundred dollars a year, from 112 acres of land and about 20 acres of that in woods, besides keeping enough other stock for my own use. I consider sheep the most profitable stock that I can raise, they give sure and quick returns."

◆

Minor Rural Items.—The Illinois Central R. R. Co. is buying corn of its farmer land-tenants, to enable them to pay up arrears of installments on land purchases, and for freight, giving Chicago prices. Good policy, as it benefits the Co., their tenants, and consumers.——Late advices from Europe state that the harvests promise well; breadstuffs somewhat dull in consequence—yet the absence of large stocks from last season will leave prices sufficiently high to induce shipments of American produce throughout the year.——Messrs. Whittaker, of Lima, Mich., who have a large flock of fine wooled sheep, sold their this year's clip (4,000 lbs.) a few days ago at the rate of 32 cents per lb. Their clips for the last eight years, including the present, have sold at an average of 40 cents per lb.——A Western paper says:—"During the week past, vegetation in this section has just been roaring and pitching like young colts. On still nights one can hear it growing—the sound resembling the roar of the ocean at a distance. With corn and weeds, it has been twigs and brouse—weeds a little ahead."

◆

THE FARMER'S BANK.

The times may be hard as the ground
Frozen stiff in the December cold;
But the bank of the farmer is sound—
If broken, it discounts in gold.

His share is a plow share in banks
Whose dividends never rely
On the grind sides met at their cranks,
But on rain and the sunshiny sky.

His deposits are small, but they yield
An hundred per cent., or per seed,
So that the gold grows up in the field,
Like a thought that grows into a deed.

◆

Bloat in Cattle.—A writer in the *Michigan Farmer*, says that when cattle are bloated from eating wet clover, or horses from eating green clover, he has found a sure remedy in giving to the animal an ordinary charge of gun powder, mixed with about the same quantity of fine salt, in the hand, and thrown on the tongue every fifteen minutes, until two or three doses are given. He says, "In the summer of 1858, I had five head taken at one time, two of which were severe cases, but this treatment saved them. The same week the hides of forty head were sent into Battle Creek, and all from animals that had been lost by eating wet clover."

◆

A Horse Sixty-Nine Years Old.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* gives an account of a small black Galloway, eleven hands high, which attained to the greatest age of any horse of which we have any record. He was a resident of a small village near Haddington, in Scotland. He was foaled in 1720, and at the time of his death he was 69 years old. A few weeks before his death he trotted for several hours at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and fed well on his oats and hay to the last.

◆

The Glory of the Farmer.—His glory is to create and construct. Other men may fetch, and carry, and exchange; all rests, at last, on his primitive action. He is close to nature. The food which was not he makes to be. All nobility rests on the use of land. Tillage is the original calling of the race, many men are excused from it, yet if they have not something to give the farmer for his corn, they must return to their planting. The farmer stands nearest to God, the first cause.—*Edward Everett.*

◆

Heaves.—The *Farmer and Gardener* gives the following as a cure for the heaves in horses:—Take smart-weed, steep it in boiling water till the strength is all out; give one quart every day, mixed with bran or shorts, for eight or ten days. Give green or cut up feed, wet with water, during the operation, and it will cure.

The News Condenser.

— The new Sultan has only one wife.

— The Chinese rebels have taken Foochow.

— The Maryland peach crop promises to be good.

— A plot to assassinate Garibaldi has been discovered.

— John Murray, the blacksmith of Gretna Green, is dead.

— The Pope has been very ill, but was improving at last accounts.

— John Anderson, the fugitive slave, is living "in clover," in England.

— The rebels have returned Major Winthrop's watch to Gen. Butler.

— Ice is selling in the streets of Richmond, Va., at $6 to $8 per 100 lbs.

— Merriman, the Baltimore secessionist, has been released on $40,000 bail.

— The wheat harvest in Maryland is concluded, and the crop is excellent.

— A relationship existed between the late Sultan of Turkey and Napoleon III.

— It is intimated that the Baltimore secession press will be vigorously prosecuted.

— A line of telegraph has been erected, connecting Pensacola with Montgomery.

— There are, it is stated, about 2,600 different trades carried on in Great Britain.

— The cabin passage from Quebec to Liverpool, by the Great Eastern, is only $65.

— Gov. Jackson, of Missouri, was last reported as traveling disguised in female apparel.

— A salute of 34 guns was fired at Harrisburgh, Pa., in honor of Gen McClelland's victory.

— The Prince of Wales has gone to Curragh, Ireland, to study the details of military science.

— The health of the Empress of Austria is very precarious. She has an abscess in the lungs.

— The Sun Fire Insurance Company of London loses $1,200,000 by the great fire in London.

— The war in the United States is producing much depression to the hardware trade of England.

— One of the sisters of Francis II is about to be betrothed to the brother of the Emperor of Austria.

— The entire postal service, embracing postoffices, mails, &c., have been discontinued in Tennessee.

— The Gen. Rains who figured in the battle near Carthage, Missouri, was formerly U. S. Indian Agent.

— The British press speak of Mr Adams, the new American Minister, in a very complimentary manner.

— The Mobile Tribune says that the sum of $1,400,000 was due the troops at Pensacola, on the 1st inst.

— The new signals of the fleet off Pickens distress the rebels very much, as they are unable to read them.

— A hyppopotamus has arrived in Boston, and is now on exhibition in a pavilion on Boston Common.

— "Shopping" has ceased in North Carolina, much to the grief both of the ladies and the shop-keepers.

— Specie exportation from New York during the last fiscal year, $23,845,000. Previous year, $58,000,000.

— About $5,000,000 of specie was transferred from the New York city banks to the Sub-Treasury last week.

— Major Slemmer, of Fort Pickens' fame, is now in Chicago, attached to the new 16th regiment, U. S. Infantry.

— Capt. Craven has been promoted to the command of the Potomac flotilla, *vice* Ward killed at Mathias Point.

— Since the 19th of last April, about 60,000 troops have passed through the city of New York to the South.

— The steamer North Star arrived at New York on Saturday week, bringing a million and a quarter in specie.

— Mr Blondin proposes to cross the Seine upon a rope stretched between the Tuilleries and the Quai D'Orsay.

— Gen. Butler delivered a short, pointed oration at Hampton, on the 4th, and that is not very far from Richmond.

— Two hundred car loads of cotton have passed through Indianapolis within the past week, bound to eastern ports.

— The Louisville Courier states, on the authority of a private letter, that Louisiana has sent 21,000 men to Virginia.

— On Wednesday of last week, a Federal loan of $5,000,000 was taken in Wall street in forty minutes, and more begged for.

— The Convention of Indians, called by Governor Harris, of the Chickasaws, was held on the 24th ult., but broke up in a row.

— The squadron in the Gulf, under the command of flag-officer Mervine, consists of 21 vessels, 282 guns, and 3,500 men.

— The London Star publishes elaborate biographical notices of Generals McClelland, Fremont, McDowell, and Banks.

— Gov. John W Ellis, of North Carolina, is reported as having died at the Red Sulphur Springs, Virginia, on the 7th instant.

— Cotton growing has been commenced in the British colony of Queensland, Oceanica, with a good prospect of success.

— The State Superintendent of Common Schools—Joshua Peart—has been notified to leave Tennessee, for Union proclivities.

— It is a curious fact that Robert Garnet, who was killed at St. George, was the professional instructor of McClelland at West Point.

— Hon James Averett, long a resident and most prominent citizen of St. Lawrence county, died at Ogdensburgh, Monday week.

— The Governor and State Treasurer of Michigan have determined to dispose of no more bonds of that State at less than 90 cents.

— The Paris Debats—imitating the London Times—has sent out a special correspondent to keep an eye on the American war.

— A widow lady named Peck, who recently died in Bennington, Vt., left all her property, amounting to $20,000, to the city of Troy.

— The oldest person in New Hampshire is said to be Mrs Eunice Hayes, of Milton. She was one hundred years old on the 16th inst.

— Six thousand six hundred and six lbs. of clover and timothy, well dried, were recently cut from one acre of land in Deerfield, Mass.

— Florida is paying the interest of her State debt in New York. She does not repudiate. The city of Mobile is also paying her interest.

— The four States of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and New York, have an aggregate of thirty seven living Ex Governors.

— There is a Zouave Company in Hartford, Conn., composed entirely of deaf mutes. They march without music, and are drilled by signs.

— The proprietors of Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans journals, have resolved to raise the price of their journals thirty per cent.

— The total vote in Texas on secession was 64,826; 46,127 in favor, and 14,697 against. Thirty-four new and unorganized counties sent in no returns.

— Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, has returned to Washington from Fortress Monroe, and gone over the Potomac to join our army.

— On Saturday week the bids for the $1,000,000 Massachusetts loan, were over $2,000,000. No bids were accepted under one-half per cent. premium.

— Next year will be the 1,000th anniversary of the Russian Empire, on which occasion there will be grand religious festivals at St. Petersburgh and Moscow.

— The Free Masons in Canada propose to establish a Masonic Asylum, at the cost of $20,000, for the relief of indigent masons, their wives and families.

— Government purchased in Cincinnati, up to Monday, 2,000 horses, 3,000 sets of harness, and 850 wagons for the army, and nearly all sent to Western Virginia.

HORTICULTURAL.

FRUIT AND FRUIT PROSPECTS.

STRAWBERRIES are over, and Raspberries are in perfection, and never have we seen finer crops of almost all good varieties. The Black Cap was a great favorite here for a few years, but people are growing wiser. They are learning that the dry, seedy Black Cap cannot compare in flavor with the delicious Antwerps, Brinckle's Orange, or any of the good sorts. Now there is a good demand for white or light colored fruit, and Brinckle's Orange sells for two cents a quart more than any red variety. It is, however, too tender to keep a great while, or carry a long distance, and soon becomes jammed and discolored. It will not make a popular market berry, though for family use there is nothing better. For preserving, the red varieties are decidedly the best, and we have never found any fruit more desirable for bottling than raspberries and strawberries. The Hudson River Antwerp is, we think, the best market berry, as it is firmer than any other good variety. Growers should remember this.

Cherries we have none, except a few of the Late Kentish, commonly known as the Pie Cherry, which sells at the unusual price of $2 per bushel.

Pears will give but a small crop, and of *Peaches* we shall have none. Indeed, most of the trees in the country around Rochester look as though they would never recover. The curled leaf was terribly severe, and trees are now almost leafless.

Apples will give much below a medium crop, we judge from our observation, though in other sections the prospect is more promising.

NOTES ON NEW AND FINE ANNUALS.

As annuals are receiving much attention from the lovers of flowers, we design during the season to give such notices of new and fine varieties as we hope will prove interesting and profitable to our readers. For about a month past the earlier varieties advanced in hot-beds have been in flower, and we give a few facts from our note-book.

ACROCLINIUM, *roseum and album.*—This is a very pretty everlasting flower from Swan River, the rose-colored variety of which we grew last season. It is now in full flower, and has borne abundance of blossoms for three or four weeks. It grows about a foot in height and forms a tuft of erect, unbranched stems, bearing narrow leaves somewhat resembling those of the flax, each stem terminated by a single flower. *Roseum*, as its name indicates, is rose-colored, and *album*, pure white, the center or disk, yellow, and the ray of involucral scales dry, and retaining their form and color for a long time, like other everlasting flowers. They should be picked in the forenoon for drying, tied in small bundles and hung up out of the way of flies and dust. It is best to pick the flowers the first day on which they expand, as the rose-colored variety fades after a day or two, and the white becomes stained with fly-specs.

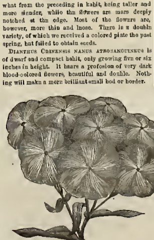
We find that the earlier the plants are set out in the open ground the stronger and more branching they grow. Those set out late seem to be injured by our hot suns and send up only two or three slender stems, bearing as many very small and insignificant flowers. The *Acroclinium* grows readily from seed in a cold frame, or even in the open ground in a warm situation, and bears transplanting remarkably well. We think it a very desirable early border flower, and is of the best of the everlasting flowers. When dried it is even more beautiful than when growing in the border. Among our plants we found one bearing delicate flesh-colored flowers.

ANTIRRHINUM, *Brilliant and Striped.*—*Brilliant* is a very fine variety of the snapdragon family. The flowers have a white tube, crimson upper lip and a yellow palate. The lower lip is of a mixture of crimson and yellow. They are very showy and come from seed remarkably true. The *striped* are white, yellow and pink, striped with different shades of red. The seed produced more than one-half good striped sorts.

DIANTHUS CHINENSIS HEDDEWIGII.—This beautiful Indian Pink sustains its reputation of last year. Some of the flowers are poor and should be discarded, but the best are large and exceedingly beautiful in color. Of the double variety about one-fourth grown from seeds proved double, and are as large as the best Carnation and as perfect. We may give a drawing of one of these flowers before the close of the season.

DIANTHUS CHINENSIS LACINIATUS differs somewhat from the preceding in habit, being taller and more slender, while the flowers are more deeply notched at the edge. Most of the flowers are, however, more thin and loose. There is a double variety, of which we received a colored plate the past spring, but failed to obtain seeds.

DIANTHUS CHINENSIS NANUS ATROSANGUINEUS is of dwarf and compact habit, only growing five or six inches in height. It bears a profusion of very dark blood-colored flowers, beautiful and double. Nothing will make a more brilliant small bed or border.



PHLOX DRUMMONDI RADOWITZI.

PHLOX DRUMMONDI RADOWITZI.—This is a new and fine phlox with rose-colored flowers, rayed from the center with white stripes upon each petal, as shown in the engraving. Like the other varieties of Phlox Drummondi, it flowers early and continues during the season, bears transplanting and endures the hottest sun. It is a valuable addition to our beautiful annual phloxes.

CANDYTUFT—*Iberis atropurpurea kermesina.*—This variety, which has been commonly called *crimson*, is the most beautiful of the family, growing, with ordinary culture, only eight or ten inches in height, with a profusion of flowers of darkish crimson, tinted with violet-red.

THE DOUBLE ZINNIA.—This flower created great excitement in Europe last season, especially in London, where it was sent by VILMORIN, of Paris, for exhibition. Drawings and descriptions were published in the journals, in which this novelty was represented to be as double and as beautiful as a small Dahlia, and the greatest acquisition made in a score of years. Having obtained seeds from VILMORIN last winter, we have had them in flower for several weeks and are prepared to report. The best flowers are as fine as represented; indeed, we have them much larger than shown in the plate, perfectly double, and finely imbricated, forming half of a globe, three and a half inches in diameter.

Only about ten or twelve per cent. of the plants obtained by us have perfectly double flowers; about half of the remainder are semi-double and the rest single.

DYING OF DWARF PEARS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your paper of July 6th, I saw a communication from F. W. LAY, describing a disease that attacked his dwarf pear trees. It describes the case of ours exactly. Three years ago last April, we set out about eight hundred dwarf pear trees, of the twenty best varieties for Western New York, and about two hundred standard trees. Set the standard trees thirty feet apart each way, and two rows of dwarfs between, making them ten feet apart each way. Set out on sod turned under deep. We mulched the trees with half rotted straw. The first summer only one dwarf died of the whole. We raised a crop of turnips that summer. The next spring about fifteen or twenty died. The quince stock is found entirely dead in every case. The second summer we raised two rows of beans between the rows of trees, each way. The third summer (last summer) we did not raise anything, but kept the ground cultivated. About thirty or forty died last summer. This spring there were sixty that did not start at all. Fifteen or twenty others made a feeble attempt to leaf out, but died in the attempt.

The only reason we can assign for it is, that the pear grows so much faster than the quince it forms a bulge where they unite. Then the bark separates, and the sap can no longer flow, the root dies, and the top dies as soon as it exhausts what sap it had in it when the connection was broken. Our standard trees look very fine. Last year we had Bartletts that measured 11¼ inches around and 5¼ long. Now a good many of those trees are dead.

All varieties are affected alike. When we set out our orchard, and several times since, nurserymen said if our trees did not do well they would no longer have such strong faith in dwarf pears, as our place, both location and soil, was a perfect home for the pear. They were planted, and have been attended to since, just as the nurserymen directed. The trees were one year from the bud when set out. I have seen trees in other gardens affected in the same way. I would be pleased to hear from others on this subject.

THOS. L. PERINE.

Prospect Farm, Dansville, N. Y., July 11.

FRUIT IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Noticing an article in the RURAL of June 22d, on "Fruits in Western Michigan," I propose correcting some errors contained in said article relating to the *impossibility* of raising fruit in Wisconsin. But it may be that friend ELLIOTT is in part excusable, as he probably has never visited Wisconsin in time of fruit harvest. Now, after a residence of twelve years in Fond du Lac Co., I can say that we raise as good apples and as many of them as is raised *in any country*, our trees grow just as fast, and bear just as much as any orchards can of twelve or fourteen years' growth. Let Mr. ELLIOTT come here in the month of September, and he will be sadly disappointed in regard to Wisconsin fruit. He will make up his mind that it will be a pretty slim "*market*" here for his *Michigan fruit*. There are a very few varieties that are not hardy enough. Our country is yet young, but in a few years you will see Wisconsin among the first in fruit as well as in everything else—A, No. 1—like her first regiment of soldiers that have gone to the seat of war. Peaches we do not think will do well. Pears do very well; also, cherries, and with plums we can beat the world almost. All small fruits do well.

The people have not as yet paid the attention that they should to setting out orchards. Wheat, wheat—it is nothing but wheat. But wait—"time will tell." One year we lost a great many trees by blight. We all know Western Michigan does raise good fruit. As for Minnesota and Illinois, they must speak for themselves. May be we shall hear from them soon. Perhaps they have "*a large opening for a market.*"

Near Fond du Lac, July, 1861. OSCAR BARRY.

LIVE FENCES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have often thought of my promise, but have so far continued deferring writing that I have to crave pardon for neglect. A rural scene is much enhanced by live fences. It gives protection to property, and is intended as a barrier against trespass. Crops and animals need protection from the elements in this variable climate. Not only were our older settlers aware of this, but our present agriculturists have had expensive experience of the folly of too much exposure to sudden changes. Only last week, between three and four hundred sheep lost their lives, it is said, from this cause, in this and adjoining towns. Did such losses happen when the country had forest shelter? Were our crops or fruit then so often blasted or cut off as now? Were cultivators so troubled with insects then as now? Were the pastures then colored of a rusty brown instead of lively green? But sufficient; I recommend live fences as a remedy, and as a matter of economy they are desirable. Dead fences are only a partial protection, liable to innovation and decay, occasioning a great outlay yearly in time and material for a fence that is yearly getting worse. Well, as a remedy, I propose live fences, which, if left untrimmed, will seldom attain over sixteen feet in height, unless, as some recommend, we use maple, elm, apple, or some other equally ridiculous substitute, forgetful that a plant for hedges should be compact and of thick growth in the bush, and the roots of a perpendicular rather than of horizontal formation, and especially not liable to grow suckers. A plant for hedges in this Northern clime should be one that is comely to the eye when divested of its foliage as well as when clothed in summer array; one with such stability of growth that will resist trespassers as it progresses in years; and above all, one that will not injure the field crop by an impoverishment of the soil or be detrimental in plowing.

To suppose that any one plant will suit all soils or climates alike is folly. Still there are certain plants that will do better than others. One that I advocate, after more than half a century's observation and experience, is a plant that, if agricultural publishers would examine as you have done, and publish facts instead of theories, their readers would be better informed. I know a publisher who, some months ago, stated that he had examined over thirty Osage hedges in Illinois, and that he had seen not more than five or six that could be called an apology for a hedge, still less for a fence. This same person this year advocates this plant (Osage Orange) as the most reliable for the purpose of fencing! However much this gentleman has seen of hedges, he has taken pretty good care to keep from this county, lest his eyes should be opened and he should see that the Osage will not make a fence any more or better than the Prairie Rose will.

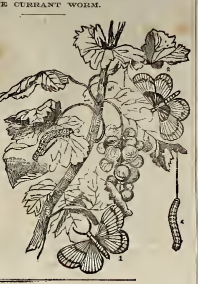
The European Hawthorn *is the plant* I have found succeeds the best, Shakers' opinions notwithstanding. It is favorable for the purposes demanded—dense growth, roots perpendicular, wood remarkably hard and stiff, bears trimming well, and when divested of foliage its appearance from its compactness demonstrates it to be something more than a screen—it leafs out early and retains the same late in the fall. Its foliage is beautiful, the blossom a charming nosegay of refreshing fragrance, and are succeeded by rich coral-like berries alike tempting and grateful to the taste of children and birds. Hogs, too, fatten on them.

I consider it well to plow and cultivate the land for hedge planting before setting, at least four feet wide, and six may be better in some places, but four I find answers well. Grade evenly, drain wet places, plant early in the fall, October or November; if not, as early as possible in the spring. Have planted as late as the 8th of December, and also in February and March—and even into June, but the earlier planted the better.

Having been told that this plant would not grow in Iowa, I sent some out with directions as to management, and I find they do as well there as here. My desire is to extend the usefulness of this plant. We cannot grow sufficient for home demand. Over 100 bushels of seed was sown this year in this town.

Skaneateles, July, 1861. W. B. BEAUCHAMP.

THE CURRANT WORM.



SOME of our friends who send us easy methods for the destruction of the worm that is devouring the currants and gooseberries in this section, we think have never encountered the real foe. We were suspicious of this fact, from the great ease with which some have declared its ravages to have been stayed, in articles which we have not deemed it advisable to lay before our readers. The following from Cayuga county is just received:

REMEDY FOR THE CURRANT WORM.—We have one on the same principle of that of H. N. L., of Greece, in the RURAL of June 15th, but much easier performed. Spread a sheet carefully under the bush, as the worms spin down to the ground at the least disturbance, bend the bush over the sheet, and give it a smart shake. Shake the worms together and proceed to another. Two persons can go over quite a number in a few minutes, and by repeating the operation three or four times, at intervals of a few days, the remedy is complete. The worms in the sheet are to be destroyed, of course.—A. M., *Sterling, Cay. Co.*, 1861.

Now it is evident that our Sterling friend has the old currant worm, which descends to the earth by a thread, dropping when disturbed, but not the gooseberry grub, produced by the gooseberry saw-fly, which is now doing so much mischief. The worm of the currant moth is shown in our engraving, and also the male and female moth. The worm is of a lively light yellow color, and thickly covered with numerous black dots of different sizes. It moves by spanning off a space at each step, and is rather sluggish and inactive during the day. It may easily be conquered.

The worm of the gooseberry saw-fly is of a dull pale green color, but the first thoracic segment is of deep yellow, and the feet, tail and head are black. It is also marked with black dots. These worms appear in succession from April until October, a new crop appearing about every month, so that increasing watchfulness and work are necessary to keep them in subjection. After all the remedies proposed, this worm seems to have things about its own way. The plants of those who think they have discovered a remedy, we often find entirely destitute of leaves before the end of the season.

Horticultural Notes.

JOHN E. LE CONTE, former Major of U. S. Topographical Engineers,—who died at Philadelphia, in November last, aged seventy-seven,—was almost the Nestor of American botanists, although his principal contributions to science, except the earlier, relate to zoology, chiefly to entomology and herpetology. His first botanical publication, a Catalogue of the Plants growing spontaneously on the Island of New York, appeared just half a century ago. Many of the choicest botanical stations even seventeen years later, when Dr Torrey issued his catalogue of the same district, were as low as Canal Street, and Peck's Slip. Even the earlier author lived to see nearly his whole flora extinguished, swept away by denudation, or uncomfortably overlaid by recent strata of stone, brick and mortar. Major Le Conte made extensive collections in Georgia at a period when that part of the country had been little explored, and freely imparted his materials and his valuable observations to working botanists. He also published several good botanical papers in the earlier volumes of the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York, and more recently, in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, an Enumeration of the North American Vines, and a paper on the species of Tobacco, with which, unfortunately, we are not acquainted. For the last ten or twelve years Major Le Conte has resided in Philadelphia; and we are to expect from one of his scientific associates there, a fitting tribute to the memory of this venerable, genial, and accomplished gentleman and naturalist.—*Prof. Gray in Silliman's Journal.*

CRYSTALLIZING FLOWERS—ROSES IN WINTER.—As you are one of my particular friends, I make bold to ask a favor of you, and wish you to return me an answer through your columns. It is rather late in the season for many kinds of flowers, yet I wish to ask if you, or any of your lady readers, can tell how to crystallize flowers, such as snowballs, lilacs, roses, &c.? I have heard of dipping them in gum arabic water—have tried it and failed. If any one can tell me what proportion, and the particulars how it is done, I shall feel greatly obliged.

I will send you a plan for having roses in winter, which I cut out of an old magazine, more than twenty years ago. Take the buds just ready to open, cut them from four to six inches long, seal the ends where you cut them off with sealing wax, handle them as little as possible, and wrap each one in a separate paper in a cone-like form. Place them in a box and the box in a drawer, and Christmas, or whenever you want them in winter, take them out, and cut off the ends where they were sealed, and put them in luke-warm water, and in about two hours they will be in bloom. So the recipe says. They must be kept air tight, or they will not bloom.—MRS. G. W. MCCREERY, *West Union, Iowa*, 1861.

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND PEAS.—We are indebted to C. F. CROSMAN, gardener and seedsman, of Brighton, near this city, for a fine lot of Champion of England Peas, one of the very best varieties for the garden.

JAPAN GRAPES.—Mr FORTUNE, now in Japan, sends the following account of the Jeddo grape to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*.—"The vine of this district, which you may as well name at once the 'Jeddo Vine,' produces a fruit of great excellence. The bunches are medium sized, the berries are of a brownish color, thin skinned, and the flavor is all that can be desired. This grape may be valued in England, where we have so many fine kinds, and most certainly will be highly prized in the United States of America. A few years ago I was traveling from Malta to Grand Cairo, in company with Mr. Bryant, the celebrated American poet, and a genuine lover of horticultural pursuits. This gentleman informed me that, owing to some cause, our European vines did not succeed much on the other side of the Atlantic, and suggested the importance of introducing varieties from China, where the climate, as regards extremes of heat and cold, is much like that of the United States. I had never met with what I considered a really good variety of grape in China, and therefore have not been able to act on Mr. Bryant's suggestion. At last, however, we have a subject for the experiment, and I urged its importance on Dr. Hall, who is an American citizen, and who has already introduced a number of plants in his country from China. He enters warmly into the matter, and no doubt will accomplish the object in view.

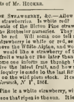
"I therefore conclude this article by giving notice to your readers on the other side of the water to look out for the arrival of the 'Jeddo Vine.'"

THE RED FLAX.—Mr. DOWNING writes—"Tell "CLARICE" that my RED FLAX—*L. rubrum grandiflora*—has flowered remarkably fine this season, and made a fine show. Seed were sown early in a hot-bed in a large pot, and turned out in the open ground, and has been in flower nearly a month, and makes a fine contrast with the other two sorts. When sown with other annuals the usual time out of doors, they do not bloom till late, and then not so freely as the early planted ones. At least this has been my experience."

Inquiries and Answers.

THE HOOKER STRAWBERRY.—Can you assist a person who is in trouble? I will state my case and then you can see. A year ago last spring I procured from Rochester some strawberry plants. I ordered Hooker, supposing I could get what I ordered. They bore none the first year, but my friends told me they thought they were not the Hooker. In the fall I ordered some more, and to be certain, I had the agent bring me an engraving of it, which I send to you for your inspection. I also got some plants of a friend in this place—genuine Hooker! Now, when I got my fruit, I found I had three distinct varieties, and all claiming to be Hooker. If this engraving is correct, I fear I have not got the right one yet. Will you please inform me if it is right, and give, through the RURAL, a careful description of this berry?—H. DELONG, *Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

The engraving sent us is a poor thing, and unlike any strawberry we ever saw. It is too round for Hooker, which is somewhat conical and regular in form, though large specimens are occasionally depressed. The color is a very dark blackish crimson, almost a maroon color, and the surface glossy. Flesh crimson, tender and juicy, with a rich flavor. The plant makes a vigorous growth, the foliage is large and broad, foot stalks long and stout. The plant makes a good growth in summer, but proves rather tender in winter. The engraving shows a specimen of medium size, as we picked it from the plants of Mr. HOOKER.



BICTON PINE STRAWBERRY, &c.—Allow me to make an inquiry about strawberries. Is white red? Last year I procured some plants of the Bicton Pine strawberry (white) of an agent of the Rochester nurseries. They fruited this year and proved to be red. Will some one tell me if the Bicton Pine (white) strawberry is white or red, and the quality of the fruit? I have the White Alpine, and would like a White Pine. Also, I would like a strawberry of the Pine variety that will give fruit a week or two later than Hovey's or Wilson's. Will some one inform me through the RURAL what variety will give the latest fruit, and how much later than Hovey's? An inquiry is made in the last RURAL if the peach can be budded on the wild plum stock. It can, and does well. N. B. HALE, *Norwich, N. Y.*, 1861.

The Bicton Pine is a white strawberry, with a pink shade on fine specimens that ripen in the sun. It is not productive, and we found it too tender to endure our winters. Having discarded it several years since, we do not know how it has succeeded of late.

FLOWER FOR NAME.—Please favor me with the name of the flower I send you. Some call it Queen of the Meadow, while others designate it simply Meadow Sweet. I should very much like to know its proper name.—JENNIE TEMPLE, *Tuesday Eve, July 9*, 1861.

The flower is *Phlox maculata*, or Wild Sweet William. Queen of the Meadow and Meadow Sweet are Spiræas.

FLOWER FOR NAME.—Will you please give me name of the inclosed flower, through the columns of the RURAL, and oblige—A LITTLE GIRL, *Aztalan, Wis.*, 1861.

The flower is a *Digitalis*, or Fox-Glove.

Domestic Economy.

PICKLING IN VINEGAR.

PICKLES are prepared from vegetables, fresh, salted, or dried, and mixed with vinegar, which should be of the best common kind or distilled. The safest vessels to use for boiling vinegar are those of enamelled iron; a slight oxidation may arise from the action of the vinegar upon an iron vessel, but not sufficient to be dangerous. Acetic acid dissolves the lead that is used in the tinning of saucepans. Pickles should never be put into glazed jars, as salt and vinegar dissolve the glaze, which is poisonous. The jars in which they are kept should either be of stone or glass. They should be closely covered; and have a wooden spoon, with holes, to take them out of the jar, all metals being improper. They should be well kept from the air, and the large jars should be seldom opened, and the top closely covered. Those pickles in common use for the table are best kept in the ground glass stoppered pickle-jars, which retain the vinegar without difficulty. It is necessary that the pickles should always be entirely covered with the vinegar; examine them frequently, and if any symptoms of mold appear, remove the part affected, and boil the vinegar again, with additional spices. When vinegar is added to old pickles, boil it, but let it stand to be cooled before it is poured over. When first pickles are made, the vinegar should be put over them boiling. Of all pickles, perhaps, red cabbage is the most wholesome; it is frequently made of unboiled vinegar, merely poured over the cabbage, which has previously been salted.

PICKLED BEETROOT.—Boil some beetroots tender, and pare and slice them; then boil as much vinegar as will cover them, with some mace, cloves, and peppercorns. Pour this over when boiling, and cover it close.

TO PICKLE BEANS.—Put the beans in salt and water two days; drain and dry them; then pour boiling vinegar over, letting it stand three days. Pour the vinegar off, and repeat the boiling, letting it stand on the beans for three days more; then boil all together.

TO PICKLE GHERKIN CUCUMBERS.—Pick the roughest, and make a strong brine of salt and water scalding hot; put them in and cover them close. Let them stand twelve hours; then take boiling distilled vinegar, and put them in it; let them simmer, not boil, for half an hour; then put them in a pan, and keep them *close* covered with vine-leaves, and a cloth at the top. Should they not become sufficiently green, change the vine-leaves and heat the vinegar again; repeat this till they are so.

TO PICKLE LEMONS.—Scrape twelve lemons with a piece of broken glass; cut them across in quarters, not quite through. Give them as much salt as they will hold, also rub and strew it over them, and let them lie in an earthern dish three or four days, turning them every day. Then take twelve cloves of garlic, parboiled and salted three days, a large spoonful of flour of mustard, and some Cayenne pepper to every lemon. Take the lemons out of the salt, and pot them in a jar with the spice, covering them with the best vinegar. Keep them very close, and they will be fit for use in a month.

PICKLED ONIONS.—In the month of September, choose the small, white, round onions, take off the brown skin, have a stewpan of boiling water ready, and then throw in as many onions as will cover the top; as soon as they look clear on the outside, take them up as quick as possible with a slice, and lay them on a clean cloth, cover them close with another, and scald some more, and so on. Let them lie to be cold, then pot them in a jar, or glass, or wide-mouthed bottle, and pour over them the best white pickling vinegar, just hot, but not boiling. When cold cover them; should the outer skin shrivel, peel it off. They must look quite clear.

TO PICKLE RED CABBAGE.—Slice it into a colander, and sprinkle each layer with salt; let it drain two days, then put it into a jar, with boiling vinegar enough to cover it, and put a few slices of beetroot. Observe to choose the purple-red cabbage. Those who like the flavor of spice will boil some peppercorns, mustard-seed, or other spice, *whole*, with the vinegar. Cauliflowers, cut in branches, and thrown in after being salted, will look of a beautiful red.

FOR MIXED PICKLES, prepare any vegetables you like by cutting them in pieces, and let them lie in salt and water for two or three days; then make the pickle in the following manner: Boil the quantity of vinegar required with peppercorns, mustard seed, a small quantity of mace, a few Cayenne pods and ginger, and half a pound of flour of mustard mixed smoothly in a basin, to be put in while boiling; put all together in a large stone jar.

PICKLED EGGS.—Boil eggs very hard, peel them, and put them in cold water till very cold; have ready a strong pickle of white-wine vinegar, with a little mace and whole pepper in it: put them in while it is quite hot, and stir, that they may all look alike; do not cover the pot till they are brown. Put them into a jar, and they will be ready in nine or ten days.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

GINGER WINE.—To twelve pounds of sugar, add eighteen quarts of water, four ounces of the best Jamaica ginger, bruised well. Slice the peel of four lemons, take all and boil it for three-quarters of an hour, taking off the scum as it rises. Put it into a tub when lukewarm, and add three-quarters of a spoonful of yeast, the juice of four lemons, and one pound of raisins, chopped. Put into the cask, let stand a fortnight, stirring every day, then add a quart of brandy and one ounce of isinglass. Stop it down, and it will be fit to bottle in six weeks.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—To one quart of blackberry juice, add one pound of white sugar, one tablespoonful of cloves, one of allspice, one of cinnamon, and one of nutmeg. Boil all together fifteen minutes—add a wine-glass of whisky, brandy or rum. Bottle while hot, cork tight and seal. This is almost a specific in diarrhea. We have known severe cases of dysentery cured by it; and one dose—a wine-glassful for an adult—half that quantity for a child—will often cure diarrhea. It can be taken three or four times a day if the case is severe.

SMOOTH HANDS FOR DISHWASHERS.—Keep in a saucer corn meal wet with vinegar, and when work is done, and a trifle of soap has done its office, rub your hands faithfully with a teaspoonful of this mixture, rinsing off, and rub your hands till dry; the softness of your hands will repay you. Should Bluebeard suggest the idea of waste of meal, suggest in return this argument, that you can hem his cravat in half the time, and I'll warrant you he'll settle back into his easy chair, puffing composedly his five dollar meerschaum.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE SONG OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The pale sewing girl sighed in her lonely room,
Where her cheeks of rose lost their radiant bloom;
The shadow that danced on the desolate wall
Seemed the shadow of death unfolding her pall;
And the round tears rolled
Down her face, like rain,
And the thread unspooled
From a heart of pain,
When I, like a queen, raised my scepter to reign.

I snatched from her thin hands the needle and thread,
And with fingers of steel I sewed in her stead;
My bones never ache, and my eyes never dim,
I work to the music of woman's soft hymn.
The sewing girl now
Sings morning and night,
And the roses glow,
And the eyes are bright
On the face that was sad in the sickly light.

Now the lily white hand of the lady fair
Can sew without mixing white thread with her hair,
Or stitching her life in the ominous seams,
Or toiling in garrets, where ghosts haunt her dreams.
Oh, stitching for bread,
With the wolf at the door,
When the "eyelids are red,"
Is the lot of the poor
My mission shall be to scare wolves from the door.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

RULING.

IN the discussion between "A. R." and "E. C. W.," the latter has, we believe, the important advantage of being correct. "E. C. W." says, however, "I would not give a penny for a man who is not 'ruler' of his home." Though right in saying as much as that, a few words should be added to give the subject its proper qualifications. The word "ruler" has connected with it the idea of absolute authority exercised by a monarch, that makes it repugnant to persons of proper feelings and judgment, when applied without limitations to a husband. Children should, of course, be taught obedience, and the husband should manage his affairs in his own way. Some women are not satisfied unless everything is managed according to *their* judgment. Their husbands will receive the *pity* of *some*, but will fail of securing from any the *respect* which true MEN receive.

On the other hand, some men are *very* orthodox on this question of ruling, and fail to discover anything in the Bible, that applies to this subject, but the passage, "Wives, obey your husbands." But the same Word that says, "Wives, obey your husbands," says also, among other things, "Husbands, love your wives." If the husband regards his wife as "a help meet for him," he will respect her views and feelings; but where there is a difference between them, the opinions of the husband should, of right, prevail.

The nature of the relation between the husband and wife has a beautiful illustration in the inspired Word, when therein compared to the relation existing between CHRIST and His Church. The language of CHRIST, in speaking of His Church, is, "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." How matchless was that love, which led Him even to death! If a husband feels in any degree toward his wife as CHRIST does toward His Church, it will be far from unpleasant to submit to all the authority that will be exercised by him in ruling. The language of the Church, in speaking of CHRIST, is, "My Beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi." If the heart of the wife is right toward her husband, she will not be jealous of him with regard to ruling; and if each of them have proper respect and affection for the other, the question of authority will hardly secure a thought. In this view of the matter, we see that to those persons who are contemplating the commission of matrimony, the question of ruling is of but small consequence, while the question of affection is of paramount importance. A. T. E. CLARKE.

Wadham's Mills, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MATRIMONY.

As the RURAL is a medium for free interchange of thought, I would like to respond to the views of "X" upon matrimony. Did GOD set up a "lottery" office and then bid ADAM try his luck in drawing a prize? Or did He deem marriage a "humbug" when He provided a wife for him? Did He furnish EVE with "borrowed sweetness" when He presented her to her future husband? Did He teach ADAM how to deceive and make him averse to companionship, and then yoke them up? No. This perverting matrimonial sacredness is man's doings. GOD has implanted in every one's heart a yearning for a home which can be identified as *ours*, and you may as well disbelieve your own existence as to deny this assertion. He never made man to live a hermit's life, else I do not read my Bible aright. Can "X" instil his ideas into my mind and cause *me* to think "marriage is a humbug" when our Creator says it is not good for man to live alone, and when JESUS sanctioned the wedding ceremony by His presence? Never. If "X" would look over the garden of his heart, I think he would find there a living plant termed love for the opposite sex. It may be a few buds are broken off, (and who can wonder,) or, worse still, perhaps it lies dormant, (then I pity his mother,) but yet it is there, and only needs the "right one" as a cultivator to call out its latent vitality.

Many things I know are detrimental to happiness in the marriage relation, and the one paramount to all others is uniting the hands when the heart is wanting. A couple thus wedded do not possess a sufficient unity of spirit and a oneness of purpose requisite for enjoyment, hence what an amount of needless jarring between them. Why, it is like a pair of yoked cattle trying to move in opposite directions. They can't do it. *One must* give up—if peaceably, well—if not, they'll fight till one conquers, then woe betide the vanquished. (I guess "X" has always seen the *must* principle in full force.) O! this "be not unequally yoked together" means something beside "Church" membership. It does not mean marry the hands minus the affections. To the violation of this is traceable very much of the misery of married life.

Shall we condemn the whole picture of "married bliss" because its beauty is marred by this one dark spot? No. There is an abundance of brightness and beauty on the canvass to counterbalance this defect. E. O. W.

Geneva, N. Y., 1861.

* * *

THE handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense, is to address her as such.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOW "WE WRONG OUR DAUGHTERS."

TRUE, "We wrong them in that we compel them to marry." We must revolutionize the cause in order to improve the effect. But as it is a labor of leviathan magnitude to suppress the sophistry that the world has for ages endeavored to enthrone as public opinion, can we not some way take a shorter voyage to a better result? With our daughters, as with the whole world, marriage is a "*foregone conclusion.*" Society first sets the seal of opprobrium upon the hymenial delinquent, and invariably stigmatizes them as "*nobody* but an old maid." Social forms also prescribe "thus far shalt thou go and no farther" in the choice of occupation and maintenance of a woman, and so very limited is the prescription that many are fain to accept the "broken stick."

"Compel them to marry,"—and who do we compel them to choose? It is here that the field is broad for improvement. We send them to school, and educate them well,—perhaps brilliantly. We are satisfied—and expect them to marry. We accredit to them too good sense to elect a companion unworthy, or unequal in social position or intelligence. And what if she fails to discover that equal—that counterpart of the soul in her circle of friends? Will some fairy Knight hasten to her rescue before the brief "one, two, three," of girlhood expires? No. Let those who have thus far watched over her, leave her not now at the trial period of her existence. Teach your girls that it is only the refined, the educated, the pure of heart, that can make their life happy, and their home the paradise of affection. Assist them to enter such society. Very much could the misery of this world be prevented, would fathers give more attention to providing their daughters with *suitable* companionship. How often have I listened to that mournful wail from those ill-starred marriages, of which we can all recall some instance. "Oh, if I had had an *opportunity* to know more of the world, *this* never would have happened." C. E. B.

Ogden, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1861.

EARLY DECAY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

MRS. H. B. STOWE, in her book of travels in Europe, makes the following sensible remarks about the comparative beauty of the women of England and America:

A lady asked me, the other evening, what I thought of the beauty of the ladies of the English aristocracy; she was a Scotch lady, by the by, so that the question was certainly a fair one. I replied that certainly report had not exaggerated their charms. Then came a home question—how the ladies of England compared with those of America? "Now for it, patriotism," said I to myself, and invoking to my aid certain fair saints of my own country, whose faces I distinctly remembered, I assured her that I had never seen more beautiful women than I had in America. Grieved was I to add, "but your ladies keep their beauty much longer." This fact stares one in the face of every company; one meets ladies past fifty, glowing, radiant, and blooming, with a freshness of complexion and fulness of outline refreshing to contemplate. What can be the reason? Tell us, Muses and Graces, what can it be? Is it the conservative power of sea-fog and coal smoke, the same which keep the turf green, and makes the ivy and holly flourish? How comes it that our married ladies dwindle, fade, and grow thin, that their noses incline to sharpness, and their elbows to angularity, just at the time of life when their Island sisters round out into a comfortable and becoming amplitude and fulness? If it is the coal and sea-fog, why then I am afraid we shall never come up with them.

But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world, produces so few beautiful women. Have not our close stove-heated rooms something to do with it? Above all, has not our climate, with its alternate extremes of heat and cold, a tendency to induce habits of indolence? Climate, certainly, has a great deal to do with it; ours is evidently more trying and more exhausting, and because it is so, we should not pile upon its back errors of dress and diet which are avoided by our neighbors. They keep their beauty because they keep their health. It has been as remarkable to me as anything, since I have been here, that I do not constantly, as at home, hear one and another spoken of as in miserable health, very delicate, &c. Health seems to be the rule, and not the exception. For my part, I must say the most favorable omen I know of for female beauty in America, is the multiplication of water cure establishments, where our ladies, if they get nothing else, do gain some ideas as to the necessity of fresh air, regular exercise, simple diet, and the laws of hygiene in general.

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.

THE following very happy and equally true sketch is from the *London Quarterly Review:*

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or, at least, made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cording. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh; and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady."

* * *

LET jealousy once find a lodgment in the mind, and, like the sea polypus, it extends its thousand feelers on every side for anything they can lay hold of, and the smallest particle afloat in the ocean of conjecture cannot escape from their grasp.

Choice Miscellany.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,
In a quiet, shady spot,
Just peeping through, half hid from view,
Stands a little moss-grown cot;
And straying through at the open door,
The sunbeams play on the sanded floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the old hearth stone;
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn,
And pictures hang on the whitened wall
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,
While midst the leaves, on the moss-grown eaves,
The martin builds her nest.
And all day long the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the bending trees.

Over the door, all covered o'er
With a sack of dark green baize,
Lays a musket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days;
And the powder flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled, with a noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams away,
And left in their flight, all shorn of his might,
A father—old and gray,
And the soft wind plays with his snow-white hair,
As the old man sleeps in his easy chair.

In at the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, fairy footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side—
An old oak wrecked by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SILENCE vs. UPROAR.

IN this age of excitement and sensation, many persons there are who seem to think that nothing of importance can be done, unless noise and confusion attends the performance of it. An orator, to suit them, must be a regular BOANERGES, with a stentorian voice, and lungs like a pair of bellows. He must wax red in the face, and get hoarse in the throat, before he has finished a dozen periods,—he must contort his body and throw out his arms,—pull at his locks until every several hair stands erect and singly, and conclude his harangue with bringing his fist down like a sledge-hammer upon the desk before him.

The favorite musician of these noise-loving individuals is he who pitches his voice as high among the octaves as possible, shrieks like a drowning man at every note, and pounds the piano till you feel as if all the artillery of a campaign had been discharged in your ears. Had they been present on the creation day when the world was ushered into existence, the simple and sublime mandate, "Let there be light," would have seemed to them quite inadequate for the occasion, and they would doubtless have denounced the whole arrangement because it was done so quietly. To suit them, there should have been a mustering of all the angel battalions, blasts from innumerable trumpets, chariots of fire, and a general commingling of all the uproar and confusion that ever had been or ever should be.

For these excitable people to remain quietly at home during the whole of a rainy day, is quite impossible; and to listen, every Sunday morning, to a preacher who has an even-toned voice, and does not affect the madman, is absolutely beyond their endurance.

Their taste would be to have the Fourth of July, fire-crackers and all, come every fortnight, and election day, or something similar, the rest of the time. The mystery of mysteries, however, is to know in what way these noise-loving people contrive to get through the six or eight hours of sleep which human nature is supposed to require. It is probable they content themselves with dreams of thunder storms, with firing cannon in imagination, and having blissful visions of three or four Niagaras, all dashing and roaring in unison. They forget what a lesson Nature teaches them of the beauty, and majesty, and power of silence; how the seasons come and go, with their snow-flakes, their blossoms and their fruits,—how the sun rises and sets,—how the planets circle in their orbits, and all, without a sound. Quietly fall the summer showers, but what a beautiful growth of bloom and verdure springs up in their footsteps. Quietly the red lightning flashes along the sky, but what a power it has to blanch the cheek and chill the blood with terror. Thoughts mighty and profound, whose influences reach down into ages yet to come—to generations yet unborn—who ever heard of such thoughts being born in anything like uproar and confusion? We do rejoice that everything in creation was not dumb; but we rejoice also that those who possess the gifts of noise, confusion, and hubbub, will use them as not abusing them, and at least confine them to Independence and other celebration days, when noisy people are at liberty to make all the noise they choose, and all liberty-loving people are for once willing to help it on. A. M. P.

Fayetteville, N. Y., 1861

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

NATURE has many pleasant and profitable lessons for him who will listen to her instructions; and he is but half trained who never has been taught by her. When pressed down with care, go forth and hold communion with GOD's works. Listen to the music of the feathered songsters, as they carol their morning or evening song, in the recesses of some old forest; or the melody of some stream flowing over its pebbly bed. Let the breezes fan your brow, as they pass you redolent with the odors that they have gathered from a hundred flowery fields. Stand upon the brow of some hill and gaze upon the "King of Day," as he lingers at the portals of the west, and casts a parting look on mountain and valley, and then sinks to rest. And has night no charms for the contemplative mind, as she walks over earth, clad in all her starry splendor? Who has not, as he stood beneath the canopy of heaven on some calm evening, realized the impressiveness of the poet's description?

"*Night*, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds,
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause—
An awful pause! prophetic of her end."

Nature is the fountain from which poets have drunk in much of their inspiration. It was among the hills of old Scotia, that the muse paid her first visit to HOGG; and it was while he tended his flocks that he sung the first notes of those songs that have made his name immortal. Most printed books were sealed to him, but Nature threw open her volume, and bid him "wed to immortal verse" the truths found written there. It was amid scenes of this character, that SCOTT's poetical powers awoke into activity. It was while roving through the Highlands, that he gained the ability to write the "Lady of the Lake," and "Marmion." No acquaintance with books could have fitted BLOOMFIELD for writing "The Farmer Boy." It was on a farm, amidst the scenes that he describes, that he gathered the materials for his poem. A greater poet than any of these was most emphatically taught by Nature. The Ayrshire Plowman owed but little to books, but gathered his power to charm the world from the study of the human heart, and by gazing upon the beauty and grandeur of Nature. To him she wore a charm that was never apprehended by any one but the poet, and spoke with a harmony unknown to common ears. Nature was SHAKSPEARE's great teacher. JOHNSON tells us that "he knew little Latin and less Greek." But he had the heavens and the earth before him, and these he read more attentively than anything else except the human heart. Thus, he nursed his powers of song. It will admit of doubt, whether a great poem was ever written by one who was not fond of musing along the banks of streams or wandering in the midst of forests.

But here may the humble Christian find food for his mind. Although Nature alone cannot even teach the existence of GOD, yet when looked upon by the light that Revelation casts upon her, she may lift our thoughts to the contemplation of the character of our Heavenly Father. "The heavens," says the Psalmist, "declare the glory of GOD; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." The contemplation of the heavens at night led a poet to exclaim,

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

All nature shows the power of GOD. It thunders in the cataract, whispers in the zephyr, blooms in the flower, and sparkles in the star. Go and stand among His mighty works, and as you look upon them, cry out with filial affection, "My Father made and upholds them all. It is His hand that holds in their places the worlds that roll over my head, and keep in existence the smallest atom that floats in the breeze. Can aught harm me, while I have such a protector?" And does not GOD's goodness shine out in Nature when studied from the stand-point of the Cross? It is true, earth has her desert, as well as her fertile plains and flowery valleys. But still she opens to man many sources of pleasure. The sun sheds his light upon him during the day, and the moon and stars look down upon him by night. For him earth clothes herself in her green garb, and Summer and Autumn cast her treasures at his feet.

Reader, the volume of Nature lies open before you. Read its pages. Some who profess to interpret her teachings, may misinterpret her; but when allowed to speak for herself she inculcates no other doctrines but those that tend to promote virtue and happiness. Can you afford to lose the pleasure and profit that she offers to those that listen to her?

"O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven.

Rochester, Wis., 1861. BETA.

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE THINGS.

THE following extract contains the substance of many sermons on the importance of little things. Mr. Irving, in his "Life of Washington," says that great and good man was careful of small things, bestowing attention on the minutest affairs of his household as closely as upon the most important concerns of the Republic. The editor of the Merchants' Magazine, in speaking of the fact, says:—"No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being careful of small things. As the beach is composed of grains of sand, as the ocean is made of drops of water, so the millionaire's fortune is the aggregation of the profits of single adventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practiced in the courts who were not remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. The most petty details of his household expenses, the most trivial facts relative to his troops, were, in his opinion, as worthy of his attention as the tactics of a battle, the revising of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator, was as anxious about his gestures or intonations as about the texture of his argument or the grandeur of his words. Before such great examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of the small minds who can despise small things."

* * *

ORDER.—Never leave things lying about—a shawl here, a pair of slippers there, and a bonnet somewhere else—trusting to a servant to set things to rights. No matter how many servants you have, it is a miserable habit, and if its source is not in the intellectual and moral character, it will inevitably terminate there. If you have used the dipper, towel, tumbler, etc., put them back in their places, and you will know where to find them when you want them again. Or, if you set an example of carelessness, do not blame your servants for following it. Children should be taught to put things back in their places as soon as they are old enough to use them. If each member of the family were to observe this simple rule, the house would never get much out of order, and a large amount of vexation and useless labor would be avoided.

* * *

THE END OF LITERARY DISCIPLINE.—To attain a power of exact expression is the one end of true literary discipline. To put his whole thought and express his actual emotion in his words, not to interpolate clever embellishments, is the object even of the careful writer, when he takes pains to revise what he has written. It is true that men write feebly who write as they speak. Spoken language has eyes, hands, every movement of the face, every gesture of the body, every tone of the speaker's voice, to illustrate it as it flows. To written language all these aids are wanting, and the want of all must be supplied by care for the right use of words.—*London Quarterly Review.*

* * *

YOUR character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

IN HEAVEN THERE'S REST.

In Heaven there's rest. That thought hath a power
To scatter the shades of life's dreariest hour,
Like a sunbeam it dawns on the storm ridden sky,
Like the first glimpse of home to a traveler's eye;
'Tis the balm of the heart, of sorrow the cure,
The hope that deceives not, the promise that's sure.

How sweet to the weary. In Heaven there's rest.
The tears are all dried from the eyes of the blest,
And the smiles that succeed are so dazzling and bright
That none but a spirit could dwell in the sight.
O, not like the smiles that here glow on the cheek,
But to hide the deep anguish no language can speak.

In Heaven there's rest—earth's happiest hours
Pass swiftly away like the dew on the flowers,
There fadeless the bowers, unclouded the skies,
There joy hath no end, and time never flies,
There nature is freed from its earliest stains,
There love hath no sorrows and life hath no pains.

In Heaven there's rest. O, how deep that repose
Life's bitterness passed with its follies and woes,
Its passions all hushed, like the waves of the deep,
When the tempest is still and the winds are asleep,
And only soft airs and sweet odors arise,
Like evening incense that soars to the skies.

Though here we are weary, in Heaven there's rest,—
I long to escape to that land of the blest,
Inspired by the prospect through life's busy day
To act and to suffer, to watch and to pray,
Then gladly exchange, when the summons is given,
The tumults of earth for the calmness of Heaven.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1861 M. J. A.

THE LIFE OF CHRISTIANITY.

WITH what a mysterious yet invincible power does the green blade force its way through the heavy clods which cover it, and hide it from view! So frail is it that the slightest bruise threatens to beat it to the earth, while yet so omnipotent is it that it will spring forth to the light, however great the weight which may be cast upon it—and how strikingly this energy of vegetable life illustrates that life which is divine. The plants of righteousness, though they may be heavily weighed by a body of sin and death—by manifold sorrows, temptations, and tears—will nevertheless grow upward toward the great Source of eternal day. Satan may place the heavy foot of persecution upon the growing kingdom of Christ, but he cannot press out its life, for its roots are divine; he may endeavor to put his finger for the rising sap in the true vine, that so the branches may not appear, but he cannot; he may cut them off, but they will bud forth again. The life which Christ imparts to the soul will rise and rise until, overflowing the bounds of sinful fear and the conventionalisms of the world, it bursts into life, bearing down all opposition, and compelling even the ungodly to admit that Christ has gained another friend. Reader, dost thou entertain the hope that thou hast received life from Christ. Take heed, examine; life will manifest itself.

Would'st thou prevent this, and listening to thy own timid heart and the suggestion of Satan, hast thou sought to hide the expressions of his beneath the cold, damp soil of worldly policy? O, foolish sexton! thus to bury thy hope. What evidence hast thou that thou hast life at all? Hast thou not read that there is first the blade? It must come forth; it will declare itself. Art thou not afraid? Hast thou pondered the words of Christ? "Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of Me and My words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of Him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels?" Awake, arouse thyself, and let thy love display itself in keeping the commandments of Christ.—*Lessons from Jesus.*

* * *

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF THE SOUL.—In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the season; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer which the world knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf, then the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing, and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul assuming a heavenly lustre is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon that bright spring and summer which await him within the gates of paradise, evermore.

* * *

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.—In the life of a Christian lies the secret of all true Christian influence. It is the easiest thing in the world to talk about religion. But mere talk about religion is the poorest thing in the world. Every true Christian will, indeed, talk about the Savior. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. And if the voice doth not speak of Christ, you may see the soul is not filled with Christ. Nevertheless, here, as elsewhere, the utterance of the lips is as nothing to the influence of the life. In the divine economy, all grand forces are comparatively gentle and silent. The shallow rill that is dry on the mountain side half of the year, brawls more noisily at times than you mighty river. The boy's sparkling rocket makes a louder demonstration in the night air than all God's starry constellations. And yet, in the silence of their sublime manifestations, how eloquently do these great forces of the universe bear witness for God!

* * *

FAMILIARITY WITH WRONG.—Rev. Dr. Wayland says:—"Familiarity with wrong diminishes our abhorrence of it. The contemplation of it in others fosters a spirit of envy and uncharitableness, and leads us, in the end, to exult in, rather than sorrow over, the faults of others. Every time we indulge a harsh, censorious temper, some gentle affection, some loving thought, we might have had instead, died out within us, and for every evil impulse we act out, we loose a good one;" thus the heart is left destitute of every good and noble feeling which enriches our own souls or blesses another.

* * *

CHRIST'S YOKE.—"My yoke is easy," said the Savior. Easy when grace makes it so; a light burden indeed, which carries him who bears it. "I have looked through all nature," says old Bernard, "for a resemblance of this, and I seem to find it in the wings of the bird, which are indeed borne by the creature, yet support her flight towards heaven."

* * *

PRAY as if all your trust were in Providence, but work as if all your trust were in your hands.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NIAGARA RIVER.

SEVERAL years ago (August 5, 1856,) an article appeared in the Buffalo *Express*, in which the writer advanced the bold idea that every body, "and the rest of mankind," might be mistaken as to the material used by Dame Nature in forming the great gorge of the Niagara River, and setting on foot that glorious "institution"—the Falls of Niagara. That article, like its humble author, was not destined to make as much noise in the world as the great cataract whose birth, or rather *manner of birth*, it aspired to discuss. Yet "still the earth moves." The theory advanced by early writers, and adopted by later geologists, viz: "That the Falls of Niagara were originally at the mountain ridge at Lewiston," is far more popular than plausible. We read in that excellent work, Mr. J. H. FRENCH's *Gazetteer of the State of New York*, p. 460, as follows:—"The plateau in which the basin of Lake Erie is situated, extends to the mountain ridge at Lewiston, the summit of the ridge being 34 feet higher than Lake Erie. The river originally must have flowed over the face of this precipice, at which time Niagara Falls were seven miles below their present position. By the wearing away of the rocks the falls have gradually receded, becoming lower at each period of their progress, and leaving a deep rocky channel, with rocky and precipitous banks 200 feet high, to mark their course and attest their power."

This appears to be the opinion universally held in regard to this very interesting matter, yet this needs a considerable stretch of the imagination to enable a plain, unsophisticated mind, who will walk over the ground, and examine the premises, with the Book of Nature before him, to believe. Our faith, especially in regard to material things, always rests upon testimony; and when these witnesses, though of undoubted ability and integrity, yet perhaps prejudiced by what they have "heard say" about the Falls, tell us over and over again, that the great cataract made itself, by first tumbling itself over "Queenstown Heights," and then cut its own way through the solid limestone rock a distance of over seven miles, with exquisite precision, keeping the sides of this great gorge nearly perpendicular, and continuing their course exactly parallel with each other, we begin to inquire *how* all this was done? And the idea of *powder*, and a train of dumping-cars, with a track laid down to Lake Ontario, immediately presents itself before our untutored mind. What has become of all the great mass of rocks thus displaced, and upon which the "power" of the Falls has been spent? Have they been dissolved, or ground to impalpable powder and floated down to the depths of Lake Ontario? This must have taken considerable more than "some time."

If the great gorge was formed by the action of the water "gradually wearing away the rocks," those ancient waves that originally performed this stupendous work observed a much greater degree of regularity than is adopted by the modern Niagara, who, in using all his powers to *destroy* the sublime and majestic cataract formed by Nature, is doing anything else but keeping the course of the bank on the American side parallel with that on the Canadian side. The simple child of Nature coming across Lake Ontario in a steamboat, as he nears the mouth of the Niagara River, runs his eye over the mountain ridge, stretching along the Southern horizon, and remarks a gradual rise as he glances towards BROCK's Monument on "Queenstown Heights." As the boat threads her way up the river, on approaching the dock at Lewiston, he looks up into the great gorge whence comes tumbling the majestic river, and he exclaims, "What a mighty heaving up must that have been, which rent these rocks asunder and let down the waters from above, and drained this once vast ocean to form this beautiful country!" He leaves the boat, and forgetting that he has a ticket to Suspension Bridge per railroad, he climbs up the mountain and follows the great crack in the ground, never doubting but the banks, which now confine the river that bounds two of the greatest nations on the earth, were once in close proximity to each other. As he approaches the great Cataract, he sees that Father Time has also had his finger in the work, and that he is now gradually "wearing the rocks;" and should our hero tarry over winter he might see Jack Frost driving his icy wedge between the huge rocks over which the waters are pouring, and perhaps in spring one might be seen or heard to take the awful leap, and rolled down by the mighty current to Suspension Bridge, there to disturb the waters so as to cause the poor Maid of the Mist to "smash her pipe" in passing over.

I have long desired to call the attention of Prof. MAURY to this subject, but now I fear he has gone so far South that he can never hear the roar of a Northern river, much less the piping of a Northern peasant on its banks. Professor AGASSIZ, or some other "man of science," would confer a lasting benefit upon at least one humble student of Nature, if he would elucidate this matter to the public, in the light of Science. T. W.

Williamsville, N. Y., July, 1861.

◆

HOW PERCUSSION CAPS ARE MADE.

THE inventor of percussion caps is alleged to be Joseph Manton, an Englishman, who took out a patent in 1818. His first caps were made of small copper cups charged with percussion powder, similar to those still in use. Other parties soon tried to evade his patent by using small copper discs charged with percussion powder, but these were held to be covered by the patent. The cap was a great improvement upon the loose charge of a pellet of percussion powder placed in the nipple, and all fire-arms except those furnished with Maynard's primer, or explosive cartridges, are adapted for percussion caps.

Percussion caps are formed of a soft copper alloy, which is principally obtained from France in the form of thin sheets. The first operation is cutting these sheets into narrow strips with roller shears. The next step is punching out the blank caps, and striking them up in dies in a machine. The strips of copper are fed in between small rollers over a small table which has four dies in it. A punch comes down, and at each stroke cuts out four blanks in a row from the strip. Each blank is formed like a Maltese cross, and just as it is cut out, a small round plunger pin strikes it in the middle, forces it into a small conical die in the table below, and thus forms it into a cap. At the very instant the small die plungers are raised, a puff of wind from a blower throws the four caps out of the dies into a receiving box, and the dies are ready for upsetting another set of blanks. Sufficient copper is left in the strips after punching to enable them to be carried forward to clear the table at each stroke. Different dies are employed for caps of different forms.

The next operation is that of charging and stamping the caps. For this purpose, a strong steel plate, containing about 1,000 small conical holes or dies to receive as many formed caps, is used; it is laid upon the table of another small machine, a girl takes several handfuls of caps from the box of the die press, spreads them over the steel plate, and by a few rapid motions of the hand, they all sink into the holes with open mouths, ready for the percussion powder. This is a compound of fulminating mercury, of potash, sulphur, and a little ground glass. This is spread dry and loosely by hand, like meal, over the entire plate, and each cap is filled to the mouth. The surplus is then swept off with a brush from the surface of the plate. Tin foil is now laid upon the top of the plate covering the powder in the caps. A series of small plunges, each of such a size as to fit into a cap, are now forced down upon the charged plate, cutting through the tin foil, and carrying a piece into each cap. The powder is pressed down by these plungers into a very small space at the bottom of each cap, and the pressure is sufficient to stamp the name or number on the top of each, by forcing the metal into the proper figure cut in the bottom of each hole. The pressure to which the percussion powder is subjected by this operation is so great that strangers are always surprised on witnessing it. Sometimes caps explode by the pressure, but as the plates are strong, no damage of any consequence results.

The next operation is that of coating the inside of the caps with varnish to render them water proof and prevent access of the atmosphere to the powder. For this purpose the plate containing the caps is placed in another machine, which has a series of little dippers that take up the varnish from a receptacle, and supply each cap with its proper quantity. The plate containing the caps is now removed into a warm room, when the varnish dries, and the caps are then emptied out of the plates, and put up for the market.

Quite a number of steel die plates are employed in the process, and a set of small machines required for the entire operations of cutting the copper, punching, upsetting, charging, and varnishing, will make about 400,000 caps per diem.

Several sets of machinery are generally run in every percussion cap factory. The demand for such caps has been so great for several weeks past, that the factories have scarcely been able to meet it by working over hours. Some caps are made with top flanges, some are perfectly smooth and without rims, and others are corrugated. These forms are all produced by the die machine.—*Scientific American.*

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

"GOD bless the old flag! as He ever has done
Since He strengthened the arm of our own WASHINGTON;
And God bless the freemen, devoted and true,
Who are ready to die for the Red, White, and Blue!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 27, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Army Tailor.

A MEMBER of the New Jersey Brigade thus humorously describes the distribution of uniforms in camp, and very justly relates the universal experience of the army with respect to the fabrics coming from the "army tailor." He says:

Who is the army tailor? Who wields the shears and furnishes Uncle Sam with clothing for his fighting nephews? I ask the question because I am aware that genius of the very first order generally conceals itself under cover of an incognito. You recollect that the author of "Waverly," in this way, gave an opportunity to Maria Edgeworth to perpetrate her famous mot that the now well known novel was written either by a Scotsman or the d—l. I believe—for it is a matter of much importance and some doubt—that the literary world, so called, has of late years been exercised as to the authorship of "Adam Bede." The North-west passage has sailed for the patience of generations, and numbers have faith in the Atlantic Cable. Who, then, would doubt or deny the existence of the army *schneider?* We don't. We have had ocular demonstration of his vitality. On the 15th inst. immense cases, containing summer coats and pantaloons for the volunteers, arrived in camp. Some were opened at the Quartermaster's tent, and the garments carried on shoulders to the Captain's quarters and there distributed to the men. Others were sent unopened, and from the case each selected what he thought would fit him; or at least, that being hopeless, *what would remain on.* A coat and pantaloons were distributed to every volunteer; the former were intended for giants, the latter for dwarfs; the coats were wide enough in the body to wind about you once or twice, and half a yard too long in the arms,—stuff, woolen—color, blue—style *a la* sailor boy's roundabout. The man who cut them must have been under the impression that marching and army rations are conducive to corpulence.

The pantaloons were a novelty in their way. Those which were long enough in the legs, were too narrow at the waistband; those wide enough about the waist, were too short in the legs; the balance were both too short and too narrow. They were evidently cut for storks or skeletons, and in one respect resembled the place of future punishment destined for the wicked—they were bottomless. They were tried on in the shadow of the tent, every man commencing at the top of the heap, and going through to the bottom, fitting on about seventy pairs before getting one approaching to a fit. When on, however, the worst was still to come, the difficulty was then to sit down. Slowly and cautiously each man approached mother earth, rear forward. Some succeed with a slight rent; others were congratulating themselves on the successful result of the experiment, when away went the back seam. Strange to say, the thread remained perfect; thanks to the sewing machine. Immediately thereafter, all were tailors for the nonce, with needle, thimble and thread, trying to repair the breeches. Our experience in the trenches availed us here. Many regretted they had not been made in the first place by tapered human fingers—thus verifying the expression of the wag, that the best sewing machines in the world were about eighteen years of age, affected ringlets and wore gaiters.

The Uniform of the Confederate Army.

THE uniform of the Confederate States army is a short tunic coat of cadet gray cloth, double breasted, with two rows of brass buttons, two inches apart at the waist, and widening towards the shoulders; pantaloons sky blue, made full in the legs. The buttons are plain gilt, convex in form, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The different arms in the service are distinguished by the color of the trimmings—blue for infantry, red for artillery, and yellow for cavalry. The artillery buttons are stamped with the letter A, but the infantry and cavalry buttons will bear only the number of the regiment. The General and Staff Officers' dress will be dark blue cloth; the medical department black cloth with gold and velvet trimmings. Badges of distinction will be marked on the sleeves and collars—Brigadier General, three large stars on the collar; Colonel, two stars; Major, small star and horizontal bar; Captain, three small stars; First Lieutenant, two small stars; and Second Lieutenant, one small star. The buttons for a General and Staff officers are to have a raised eagle in the center, surrounded by thirteen stars.

How an Army Moves.

As the central column of our army has received its orders to move forward upon Richmond, it will prove of interest to our readers to know the manner in which large bodies of troops are set in motion and thus thrown forward, hence we give the following:

There are a great many things besides men and guns essential to an army, and a commander, about to lead an army into a hostile country, first sees that the commissariat is well provided with provisions, that there are ample means of transportation, and that there is a reserve of ammunition and clothing, and a good supply of hospital stores and medicines. All the preliminary arrangements for the march having been carefully made, the "order of march" is communicated to the several commanding officers of divisions, brigades and regiments, but not published in orders. The troops are distributed according to the character of the country. In a very open country, a large proportion of cavalry would be at the head of the column; but generally it is distributed throughout the line. The artillery should be in the rear of the first foot regiment. An advance or rear guard of mounted troops—one or two companies—should be detailed each day; and the regiment that has the right of the line one day, should be next day in the rear. In a woody or mountainous country, detachments of flankers and skirmishers are thrown out to the right and left of the column, at the distance of one or two hundred paces, to keep a sharp look-out, and prevent any such disastrous and gratuitous experiences as those painfully and recently familiar to us in connection with the ambuscade on the road to Vienna. The column having been formed at half or quarter distance, and the baggage train assembled in the rear, protected by a guard selected from each regiment for its own baggage, the column is put in motion and the march commences with the same regularity as would be observed by a regiment moving in or out of a garrison town, the bands playing, the light infantry with arms sloped and those of the riflemen slung over the shoulder, the officers with swords drawn, exact wheeling distances preserved, and perfect silence observed. After having proceeded a short distance in this manner, the word of command, "route step," is given by the general at the head of the leading battalion, and passed quickly on to the rear. The captains, instead of continuing at the head of their companies, draw back to the rear of them, that they may see any men of their respective companies who attempt to quit the ranks without leave. The soldiers then march and carry their arms in any manner convenient to them, conversation and smoking being ordinarily allowed.

Care for Soldiers.

IN the Crimea, the troops which resisted privations and fatigue most successfully, were those commanded by colonels who were careful of their soldiers. For example: Of two regiments which left the camp of St. Omar at the same time, arrived together in the Crimea (in the month of October, 1854), encamped side by side, having submitted to the same atmospheric vicissitudes and performed like service, one of them had preserved, on the 1st of April, 1855, 2,224 soldiers, out of a force of 2,676 men; while the other, with a force of 2,327 men, had left to it only 1,239. This account includes those who died from disease, and not from wounds received in battle. In the navy the commander of a vessel watches over the composition of the food of the crew, and, moreover, respects scrupulously the hour for breakfast and that for dinner; never is it delayed, anticipated, or interrupted.

It is desirable that the same scruples should pervade the army, and that these wise measures for the preservation of health should never be infringed without a clear and absolute necessity. Rewards are given to colonels of cavalry in whose squadrons is preserved the greatest number of horses, which result in an excellent and profitable emulation. Similar results, but still more important and happy, would be experienced, if like rewards were bestowed upon the colonels whose battalions were distinguished for the healthy condition of the men.

Parson Brownlow's Daughter.

IN our last issue we gave the history of the difficulties encountered by Tennessee's "fighting parson," because he persisted in keeping the "Flag of our Union" flying from a staff upon his house. The parson has a daughter fully as plucky as himself, it would seem from the following, which we find in the Chicago Journal:

A gentleman just arrived in this city from Knoxville, Tenn., brings intelligence of affairs in that city. The house of the celebrated, bold-hearted, and outspoken Parson Brownlow is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago two armed secessionists went at six o'clock in the morning to haul down the Stars and Stripes. Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty-three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business. They replied that they had come to "take down them Stars and Stripes." She instantly drew a revolver from her side, and presenting it said, "Go on! I'm good for one of you, and I think for both!"

"By the looks of that girl's eye she'll shoot," one remarked. "I think we'd better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," said the other.

"Go and get more men," said the noble lady; get more men, and come and take it down, if you dare."

They returned with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down. But on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to the teeth, who would rather die as dearly as possible, than see their country's flag disgraced, the secessionists retired.

When our informant left Knoxville, the Stars and Stripes still floated to the breeze over Parson Brownlow's house. Long may they wave!

General Scott and the Press.

THE Washington correspondent of the *World* gives the following articles of agreement between the newspaper staff and Gen. Scott:

On the part of the Lieut. General commanding, it was agreed:

1. That all gentlemen of the press may report by telegraph the progress and results of all battles actually occurring, and shall be afforded official facilities to that end.

2. That the previous order, requiring every message to be submitted to the inspection of the Lieut. General's staff, at the army head-quarters, is hereby rescinded.

On the part of the gentlemen of the press it was agreed:

1. That no reports of arrivals, departures, or other movements of troops, shall be forwarded by telegraph, nor any statistics of army numbers and munitions.

2. That no mutinies or riots among the soldiery shall be telegraphed.

3. Nor any predictions of movements to ensue.

4. That Mr. Beros, of the American Telegraph Office, shall be there stationed as the censor to maintain the observance of the preceding articles.

This covenant is understood to delight the Commander-in-Chief, who, by the way, never reads a newspaper, and to have struck despondency into the hearts of the telegraphic gentlemen—the latter justly deeming the most important portion of their occupation gone.

Extracts from the Southern Press.

CONFISCATION PROPOSED.—The New Orleans *Delta* is savage at the useless "humanity and moderation" of the rebel leaders. It wants a full stop put to all payment of Northern debts, and calls attention to the large amount of property in Louisiana held by persons or their agents in the North. It mentions three cases, viz:—Gen. Patterson, in command of a large force now advancing on Virginia; Capt. Adams, who commands the squadron which is now depredating on the property of Southern citizens; and Dr. Wood, the Surgeon General of the United States army. These officers all own large properties in the South. Gen. Patterson holds a large amount of the paper of our planters. He is even now, through his attorney, endeavoring to execute a judgment for $130,000, on a plantation owned by a widow lady in this State. Capt. Henry Adams has a large interest in a plantation and negroes in this State, and Surgeon-General Wood has a large force of negroes working on a plantation in Louisiana.

FATALITY OF MEASLES IN THE REBEL RANKS.—A correspondent in the Rebel force at Winchester, Virginia, writes as follows to the Louisville *Courier*: "I regret to chronicle the ravages made in our ranks by the measles, which has, in many instances, proved fatal. The 11th Mississippi and 4th Alabama regiments have suffered more than all the rest of the army, the former having at one time three hundred and sixty on the surgeon's list. Among the Kentuckians, Capt. Bowman's have been the sufferers, having twenty-seven on the list; but, thanks to the ladies of this place, their condition is such that, in a few days, they will be able to 'fall in' the ranks again. Too much cannot be said of the treatment of our soldiers by the inhabitants of this town. Every family in the town has one or more, frequently a dozen, sick soldiers, who are treated as one of the family."

OUTRAGES UPON BRITISH SUBJECTS.—Wm. Mure, the British Consul at New Orleans, writes to the *Picayune*, under date of July 5th, in regard to the impressment of British subjects in the Rebel Army. We quote the following:

"At the time of Mr. Russell's arrival in this city, about 35 to 40 of these "illegal musters" had been discharged, and my office was still daily besieged by women, imploring me to get their husbands released. Within the last few days there have been over twenty applications of a similar kind, and some of the men, according to the evidence, have been most severely maltreated. One woman alleges that her husband was seized on his way to procure medical help for their child; that it was three days before she discovered the rendezvous where he was confined, and when she saw him he was tied by cords, and so disfigured by bruises that she scarcely recognized him. She was not allowed to hold any communication with him, but was threatened with the prison if she troubled them again!

I do not wish to trespass upon your columns by multiplying instances. *Instead of one repenting volunteer, there have about sixty cases of impressed British subjects reported at my office.* I am somewhat surprised, when so much patriotic spirit has been evinced in the filling up of military companies with so much rapidity, that any resort should have been had to the gag or bludgeon; and it is singular that a fact so notorious should have escaped the attention of your city reporter, who might have easily satisfied himself of its accuracy by applying to official quarters."

A BIG JOB.—The Charleston *Courier* thus discourses about the war, and though it entertains no doubt of their ultimate and signal success, has laid out a big job of work for the Confederate army: "But, in the meantime, we have much to do. We shall be necessitated to whip them soundly—to burn a few of their towns—to capture Washington as a city, or enter it as a heap of ruins; we will have to cripple their commerce with privateers, burn their factories, and reduce them to the condition of begging peace, instead of graciously condescending to grant us a separate existence as we have besought. They are distracted among themselves. Their resources are crippled; their toiling millions are suffering already. Their sober, thinking men acknowledge that madness rules their every movement, and none who view things as they are, can for a moment believe that success will crown their efforts."

FRANK CONFESSION.—The Richmond *Whig* says that, whatever shame and humiliation may be involved in the confession, the fact cannot be denied that the Virginia forces behaved shamefully at Fairfax Court House, and still more shamefully at Philippa.

A COMPLIMENT TO THE NORTH.—The Savannah *Republican* says:—"In times of great public excitement a great many stories are invented in both sections with the view of adding to the public irritation. Of this class is the statement, generally believed, that it is unsafe for a citizen of the Confederate States to put his feet on the soil of the enemy. This is not true. Of course it is advisable and best in times like these, for Southern men to remain at home, but in cases where their families are at the North, and they desire to bring them home, or in any other necessity, we have no doubt of their ability to go and return with perfect safety. The only condition is, attend to your own business, and leave the affairs of others alone.

We know a number of gentlemen of this State—some of them of this city—who have recently gone North and returned without the slightest molestation. We yesterday saw a letter from a resident of Savannah, now in New York, in which he expresses his astonishment at the respect with which he is every where treated, after all the blood-thirsty stories he had read in the newspapers.

WON'T FIGHT, EH?—A correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal*, in writing to that paper about the advance of Gen. McClelland with his Ohio and Indiana troops against Garnett's force, said:—"If the great body of McClelland's forces should be Hoosiers and Buckeyes, as reported, the number of our men need give the Department very little concern. *These fellows won't fight. We have history for this. 'Remember Buena Vista.' One to four our boys will drive them into the lakes.*" Wonder what the writer of the above thinks now.

Captures by the Privateers.

AT last accounts there had been dispatched in search of the two privateers of Jeff. Davis, known to be roaming the ocean, the first-class steam frigate Niagara, from Key West; the steam gunboat Crusader, in company with the latter; one sloop of war, the Vincennes, and the two revenue cutters, Caleb Cushing and Morris, from Boston; and three cutters under command of Commodore Howard, from this port. The capture of one old brig, and one screw steamer of no particular pretensions to speed, are tolerably certain, provided the obnoxious cruisers should be found. Summing up the depredations thus far, we have the following list of captures which they have made, and the disposition made of the prizes:

Captured.	Privateer.	Date.	Cargo
1—Brig Panama,	W. H. Webb,	May 24,	Oil.
2—Schr Mermaid,	"	"	"
3—Schr John Adams,	"	"	"
4—Brig Joseph,	Savannah,	May 25,	Sugar.
5—Schr A. B. Thompson,	Unknown,	May 10,	
6—Brig Lydia Frances,	"	Unk'n,	Molas's.
7—Schr Transit,	"	"	Ballast.
8—Brig Monticello,	St. Nicholas,	June 29,	Coffee.
9—Schr Margaret,	"	"	Coal.
10—Schr Mary Pine,	"	"	Ice.
11—Schr Mary Goodell,*	Jeff. Davis,	July 9,	Miscel.
12—Brig John Walsh,	"	July 6,	Sugar
13—Schr S. J. Waring,	"	July 5,	Miscel.
14—Schr Enchantress,	"	July 6,	"
15—Brig M. E. Thompson,	"	July 6,	Lumber.
16—Ship Golden Rocket,†	Sumter,	"	Ballast.
17—Brig Cuba,*	"	"	Sugar.
18—Brig Machias,*	"	"	"
19—Brig Naiad,	"	"	"
20—Brig Albert Adams,†	"	"	"
21—Brig Ben. Dunning,*	"	"	"
22—Bark West Wind,*	"	"	"
23—Bark Louisa Kilham,	"	"	"

* Released. † Burned.

The Sumter, which has been the most mischievous of these cruisers, was formerly the Marquis de la Habana, owned by Miramon, and captured by the Saratoga, near Vera Cruz. Having been carried to New Orleans for the adjudication of her case, she was seized by the Confederates, and converted into a vessel-of-war.

It appears that after achieving the capture of these half dozen unarmed and unsuspecting molasses droghers, near the port of Cienfuegos, just as they were emerging from it to pursue their respective voyages, the privateer had exhausted all her coal, and was compelled to enter the very port from which most of the vessels sailed to take in coal and water. It is thus seen how utterly helpless these freebooters would be with steamers, without some ports into which they could enter for a supply of fuel.

The captain of the pirate Argo, Captain Coxsetter, told Captain Fifield, of the John Welch, that there are arrangements along the whole Southern coast by which signal lights are made to assist privateers in entering the various creeks with their prizes. This, however, is doubtful.

The Battle of Carrick's Ford.

IN the last RURAL we gave brief accounts of the conflicts between the United States troops under Gen. McClelland, and the rebels under Gen. Garnett. We now give a more detailed statement of the retreat and pursuit which finally ended in the death of the rebel commander.

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati *Gazette* from the field of battle at Carrick's Ford, on the 14th, says that on the night of the 11th, the rebel army at Laurel Hill, under the command of Brigadier-General Garnett, late Major in the United States Army, evacuated its camp in great haste on learning of General McClelland's approach to Beverly, apparently hoping to pass that place before General McClelland arrived, and thus escape the trap set for them by a passage through Cheat Mountain Gap.

The evacuation was discovered on the morning of the 12th, and pursuit was instantly ordered. By 10 o'clock, the 9th Indiana regiment entered the rebel camp on Laurel Hill, and found a large number of tents, a lot of flour, camp equipage, clothing, and several sick and wounded, with a note asking us to give them proper attention. The whole route for twenty miles was strewn with baggage thrown from their wagons to hasten their retreat.

The rebel army went within three miles of Beverly, and there found the rebels flying from Rich Mountain, and finding the escape to Huttonsville impossible, they all united and returned towards Laurel Hill and took the road in the direction of St. George.

The division of Gen. Morris pursued them for a mile or two beyond Leedsville that night, and then halted until 3 o'clock in the morning, when the advance resumed pursuit and continued it all day, in spite of the incessant rain pouring down.

The rebel army left the Pike, struck Cheat river, and pursued the mountain road down the valley. Our advance, composed of the 14th Ohio and 7th and 9th Indiana regiments, pushed on, guided through the mountain gullies by the tents, camp furniture, provisions, and knapsacks thrown from the wagons to facilitate their flight. Our troops forded Cheat river four times, and finally, about 1 o'clock, came up with the enemy's rear guard.

The 14th Ohio advanced rapidly to the ford in which the enemy's wagons were standing, when suddenly the rebel army opened a furious fire on them with small arms and two rifled cannon from the bluff on the opposite side of the river, where they had been concealed. The firing was too high and the 14th returned it with spirit. Meanwhile two pieces of the Cleveland Artillery came up and opened on the rebels, and the 9th Indiana advanced to support the 14th Ohio's left, while the 7th Indiana crossed the river between the two fires and came in on the enemy's left flank. The rebels fled in great disorder, leaving their finest pieces of artillery.

At the next ford, a quarter of a mile further on, Gen. Garnett attempted to rally his forces, when the Indiana 7th came up in hot pursuit, and another hot engagement ensued. Gen. Garnett was finally shot dead, when his army fled in wild confusion towards St. George. The 7th Indiana pursued them a mile or two, but our forces were so much exhausted with their forced march of twenty miles, with but little rest from yesterday's march, that Gen. Morris refused to let them pursue further.

The results of the whole affair are the capture of the rebel camp at Laurel Hill, a large amount of tents, camp equipage, forty baggage wagons, a field camp chest, supposed to contain all their money, two regimental banners, one of them that of a regiment from Georgia, Captains and Lieutenants, and a large number of Virginia officers, besides the killing of Gen. Garnett and twenty-six of his men, and wounding a much larger number. Our loss, wholly in the 14th Ohio regiment, is two killed and two mortally wounded.

Gen. Garnett's body is lying at headquarters. His body will be sent to his family at Richmond.

Along the line of retreat the woods are filled with deserted rebels, and our men are ordered to stop arresting prisoners, because we can't take charge of them.

There were over four thousand rebels on the bluff commanding our position, who opened fire on the 14th Ohio regiment, at a distance of a little over two hundred yards. Their artillery was rapidly served, but aimed about two feet too high, cutting off the trees above the heads of our boys. Our advance, which alone entered the engagement, numbered less than two thousand.

It is thought that our forces at Rowlesburg will cut off the retreat of the remainder and secure the few baggage wagons left. The rebel army is composed mostly of Georgians and Eastern Virginians. Col. Ramsay, of the Georgia regiment, succeeds Gen. Garnett in command. The Georgians were direct from Pensacola.

The same correspondent telegraphs from Grafton, on the 15th, that coming through the field of battle on Cheat river the previous day with Major Gordon, who had charge of the corpse of Gen. Garnett, he learned that the rebel army had left the remainder of their baggage train and artillery at a point about two miles from St. George. Word was instantly sent back to Gen. Morris, and all is now probably captured. The rebels are greatly disorganized, and heading for Hardy county. Gen. Garnett's body is here awaiting orders from his family.

The Forward Movement in Virginia.

On Tuesday P. M. the column of the Federal Army under General McDowell received marching orders, and the command, 53,000 strong, have left Washington and Alexandria, *en route* for Richmond. Almost the entire North have representatives in this column, hence we give the exact organization of the staff and the several divisions as follows:

McDOWELL'S COMMAND.

Staff of the Department Commander.—Adjutant General's Department—Capt. James B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant General.

Aids-de-Camp—1st Lieut. H. W. Kingsbury, 5th artillery; Major Clarence S Brown, N. Y. State Militia; Major James S. Wadsworth, N. Y State Militia.

Acting Inspector General—Major W H. Wood, Seventeenth Infantry

Engineers—Major J. G. Barnard, 1st Lieutenant, F. E. Prime.

Topographical Engineers—Capt. A. W. Whipple, 1st Lieut. Henry L Abbott, 2d Lieut. Haldimand S. Putnam.

Quartermaster's Department—Capt. O H. Tillinghast, Assistant Quartermaster.

Subsistence Department—Capt. H. F. Clarke, Commissary of Subsistence.

Medical Department—Surgeon, W. S. King; Assistant Surgeon, David L. Magruder.

First Division.—Brigadier General Daniel Tyler, Connecticut Militia, commanding

First Brigade—Col. E. D. Keyes, Eleventh Infantry, commanding First, Second, and Third Connecticut Regiment Volunteers, Fourth Maine Regiment Volunteers; Captain Varian's Battery of New York Eighth Regiment; Company B. Second Cavalry

Second Brigade—First and Second Ohio Regiments Volunteers, Second New York Regiment Volunteers; Company E. Second Artillery (Light Battery.)

Third Brigade—Colonel William T. Sherman, Thirteenth Infantry, commanding Sixty ninth and Seventy ninth Regiments New York Militia; Thirteenth Regiment New York Volunteers; Second Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers; Company E. Third Artillery (Light Battery.)

Fourth Brigade—Colonel J. B. Richardson, Michigan Volunteers, commanding. Second and Third Regiments Michigan Volunteers; First Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers; Twelfth Regiment New York Volunteers.

Second Division.—Col. David Hunter, Third Cavalry, commanding

First Brigade—Colonel Andrew Porter, Sixteenth Infantry, commanding Battalion of Regular Infantry (Second, Third, and Eighth Regiment); Eighth and Fourteenth Regiments New York Militia, Squadron Second Cavalry, Companies G. and I., Company Fifth Artillery (Light Battery.)

Second Brigade—Colonel A F Burnside, Rhode Island Volunteers, commanding. First and Second Regiments Rhode Island Volunteers; Second Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, Battery of Light Artillery, Second Rhode Island Regiment; Seventy first Regiment New York Militia.

Third Division.—Col. S. P. Heintzelman, Seventeenth Infantry, commanding

First Brigade—Col. W. B. Franklin, Twelfth Infantry, commanding Fourth Regiment Pennsylvania Militia; Fifth Regiment Massachusetts Militia, First Regiment Minnesota Volunteers; Company E, Second Cavalry; Company I, First Artillery (Light Battery)

Second Brigade—Col. O. B. Wilcox, Michigan Volunteers, commanding First Regiment Michigan Volunteers, Eleventh Regiment New York Volunteers, Company D, Second Artillery (Light Battery)

Third Brigade—Col O O. Howard, Maine Volunteers, commanding Second, Fourth and Fifth Regiments Maine Volunteers, Second Regiment Vermont Volunteers.

Reserve—Fourth Division.—Brigadier General Theodore Runyon, New Jersey Militia, commanding

First, Second, Third and Fourth Regiments New Jersey Militia, three months Volunteers; First, Second and Third Regiments New Jersey Militia, three years Volunteers.

Fifth Division.—Colonel D S. Miles, Second Infantry, commanding

First Brigade—Col. Blenker, New York Volunteers, commanding Eighth and Twenty-Ninth Regiments New York Volunteers, Garibaldi Guard, Twenty Fourth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Second Brigade—Col Davies, New York Volunteers, commanding Sixteenth, Eighteenth, Thirty-First and Thirty-Second Regiments New York Volunteers, Company G, Second Artillery (Light Battery).

By command of Brig. Gen. McDowell

James B Fry,
Ass't Adj't General.

The right wing, commanded by Gen. Tyler, of Connecticut, proceeded by the Georgetown turnpike. The center, composed of the second division, two brigades, under Col. Hunter, U. S. A., proceeded by the Leesburg or Centreville road. The left wing was composed of the third division, three brigades, under Col. S. P. Heintzelman, U. S. A., and the 5th division, two brigades, under Col. Dixon S. Miles, U. S. A. The 5th division proceeded by the old Braddock road, and third by the Little River turnpike. The fourth, under Gen. Runyan, of New Jersey, constitute the reserve. There were in the whole column 62 regiments—about 55,000 men—and in the marching divisions an aggregate of 45,000.

The center under Col. Hunter, left its bivouac, six miles from Fairfax Court House, at 10 o'clock this morning. The first barricade, made of trees felled and thrown across the road, delayed the head of the division only a few minutes. This was encountered about three miles from the Court House. It was cautiously examined by the skirmishers, but no signs of a rebel force were discovered. The pioneers soon cleared the road with their axes. The barricade was erected at the foot of a large hill, the top of which was covered with a dense thicket, affording an excellent cover for sharp shooters. The second barricade was of a similar character, and was cleared in a similar manner, occasioning only a few minutes' delay in the march. The third barricade was more formidable. It was at the entrance of a deep cut in the road, commencing about half way up a steep hill crowned on one side with a thick woods, and on the other by an open field. To pass this a road was made through the field, enabling the army to pass around it.

At this point there were stationed 200 rebel cavalry who, without waiting to ascertain the strength of the advancing force, fled upon the first appearance of our skirmishers, who fired at them one rifled shot which did no harm. Here it was ascertained that about half a mile ahead, the rebels had a fortification erected and a battery planted, which was defended by a force of 2,000 men, and that the rebel force in and around Fairfax Court House, guarding the different approaches, amounted from 10,000 to 15,000. The fortification was encountered about half a mile from the Court House. It consisted of a simple entrenchment extending for about 400 yards on each side of the road. It was pierced for eight guns. This fortification had been occupied for about three weeks by the 2d and 3d South Carolina regiments under Gen. M. L. Bonham. In approaching this point our skirmishers had a brush with those of the rebels, in which a corporal of the 2d Rhode Island regiment received a flesh wound in the thigh, and a rebel officer was captured by Capt. Dyer.

The advance guard of Gen. Burnside's brigade reached the fortifications in time to make one prisoner, a South Carolina officer, who surrendered to Major Lisson, paymaster of the 2d Rhode Island regiment. The inside of the fortifications presented abundant evidence of the haste with which it had been abandoned by its late occupants. As the head of the division was approaching the entrenchments, sharp firing was heard on the left, which was afterwards ascertained to have been occasioned by a skirmish between the advance guard of Col. Miles' division and the Alabamians, who were in position there and about two miles from the Court House.

From the inside of this fortification the village of Fairfax Court House was plainly in sight. Thither the command proceeded. The rebel flag was still flying at the Court House when the advance of the division entered the village, with the band of the 1st Rhode Island regiment playing national airs. It was taken down by some of the 2d Rhode Island regiment and handed to Gov. Sprague, who was with the brigade, and transmitted by him to Gen. McDowell as a legitimate trophy.

The first division of the grand army, under General Tyler, commenced moving from Germantown at five o'clock on the morning of the 17th. About a mile from the village a heavy obstruction was discovered in the road. In less than twenty minutes the whole of the barricade was cleared away. Col. Keys immediately pushed an advanced brigade along the road with a view to getting in the rear of the enemy, while Gen. Tyler ordered Gen. Schenck's brigade to form in battle array in the fields to the left of the road. The 3d and 4th brigades, under Cols. Sherman and Richardson, formed on the road, but the rebels abandoned their position as soon as Gen. Schenck's column commenced moving on through the fields and other brigades up the road.

Hentshill, some two and a half miles west of Vienna, being reached, and the enemy being evidently still retreating, Gen. Schenck's brigade again turned into line and the column continued its march in the order of the morning. A thick piece of timber was entered, in an opening of which tangible evidence of the hurry in which the rebels had retreated, was found in the shape of a large number of blankets, pistols, guns, canteens, &c., which were immediately appropriated by our soldiers. The column was about pushing on when scouts reported a battery of several pieces less than half a mile ahead. About half an hour elapsed, when Capt. Ayer's battery of eight pieces came thundering along the road. In the meantime other scouts had come in and reported that the rebels had precipitately abandoned the battery and were retreating in haste. The enemy disappeared and the entrenchments were quietly entered and taken possession of by the skirmishers. The position was a strong one, and could have easily been defended.

The following dispatch was received in the afternoon of the 18th at head-quarters:

Fairfax Court House,
July 18th.

To Lieut. Col. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General, Washington:

The first division under Gen. Tyler is between Germantown and Centerville.

The second, (Hunter's,) is at this place, and just about to move forward to Centerville.

The fifth, (Miles',) is at the crossing of the old Braddock road, north of the road from this to Fairfax Station, and is ordered forward to Centerville by the Braddock road. Barry's battery has joined it.

One of Col. Heintzelman's brigades (Wilcox) is at Fairfax Station.

Col. Heintzelman and his other brigade are below the Station, but he has not reported to me since we have been here, and I have not been able to communicate with him. I think they are at Saugerties Station.

The four men that were wounded yesterday belonged to Colonel Miles' division, who had seen slight skirmishing in reaching the position. Each column found about the same obstructions; trees were felled across the road, but the axmen cleared them out in a few minutes. There were extensive breastworks thrown up at this piece, and some of them with embrasures revetted with sand bags, and extensive breastworks were also thrown out at the Fairfax Railroad Station and the road leading to Saugerties. A great deal of work had been done by them, and the number and size of their camps show they had been in great force. The retreat, therefore, must have a damaging effect upon them. They left in such haste that they did not draw in their pickets, who came into our camp thinking because it occupied the same place that it was their own.

The obstructions of the railroad in the vicinity of the station, including the deep cut filled in with earth, can be cleared in a few hours.

Telegraph poles are up with wires on them. I look to having railroad communication and telegraph in a very short time. Much flour, some arms, forage, tents, camp equipage, &c., were abandoned. I am distressed to have to report excesses by our troops. The excitement of the men found vent in burning and pillaging, which, however, was soon checked. It distressed us all greatly. I go to Centerville in a few moments.

Your obedient servant,
James McDowell,
Brigadier General Commanding.

On the 18th a portion of McDowell's advance encountered a succession of masked batteries at a place called Bull's Run, near Centerville. Firing was kept up by artillery during the day, while Gen. McDowell was concentrating his troops and reconnoitering. It was ascertained that the rebels were strongly posted, and that their force was very large. It was evident that the point could not be carried by storm except with heavy loss, and the Federal troops immediately began the erection of batteries, mounting long range 32 pounders, which was continued until Sunday A. M., when an advance was ordered. The following bulletins were received in official circles at Washington, during the progress of the battle from the telegraph station, about four miles from Bull's Run.

Fairfax, July 21—11 A. M.—There is rapid firing from heavy guns, and frequent discharges of musketry.

11.40.—The firing is very heavy, and apparently most on our left wing.

11.45.—There is evidently a battle towards our left in direction of Bull's Run, and a little north. The firing is very rapid and heavy.

11.50.—Heavy guns are heard again, and apparently nearer. Musketry is heavy and nearer.

2 P. M.—Musketry is very heavy and drawing nearer. There is evidently a movement more to our left.

2.45 P. M.—The firing is a little further off and apparently in the direction of the Junction—less heavy guns and more light artillery, as near as I can judge.

3 P. M.—Firing ceased ten minutes since.

3.35 P. M.—Firing has almost entirely ceased, and can only be heard with difficulty.

4 P. M.—Gen. McDowell has ordered the reserves now here under Col. Miles to advance to the bridge over Bull's Run, on the Warrenton road. Having driven the enemy before him, Col. Miles is now three or four miles from here directing operations near Blackburn's ford.

4.45 P. M.—Two of our couriers have returned, but are unable to communicate in person with McDowell. One of the couriers was on the field of battle; he says our troops have taken three masked batteries, and forced the enemy to fall back and retire. He says that the battle was general at Bull's Run for some distance. One of the batteries was in a wheat field, and another some distance from it, and the 3d still further on.

5.48.—The Federals have won the day. Loss on both sides heavy, but the route of the rebels is complete. The batteries at Bull's Run are silenced and two or three others taken at 5.48 P. M.

By telegraph from Washington we have the following details:

A most severe battle was fought to-day at Bull's Run bridge. The conflict was desperate, lasting over nine hours. Our troops advanced as follows: Col. Richardson, who distinguished himself in the previous engagement, proceeded on the left with four regiments. The 4th brigade to hold the battery on the hill, on Warrenton road, in the vicinity of the place where the last battle was fought. The flank movements were described in first dispatch. Gen. Schenck's and Sherman's brigade of Gen. Tyler's division, advanced by Warrenton road. Col. Heintzelman's and Hunter's divisions took the fork of the Warrenton road to meet between Bull's Run and the junction of Col. Key's brigade, and remained at Centerville.

Information was received by General Tyler's command of the existence of the enemy's battery commanding the road. Our troops were soon formed in battle array. The 2d New York and First Ohio regiments on the left, and the 2d Ohio and 2d Wisconsin, and 79th, 13th, and 69th New York regiments on the right—Col. Miles' division following in the rear.

The first range gun was fired by Sherman's battery at ten minutes to seven. The rebels did not return his shot until an hour and a half afterwards.

When Col. Hunter's division came up the battle became general. Col. Hunter's movement to gain the rear of the enemy was almost a success. The enemy's position was opened on by several of Carlisle's howitzers, followed by a slight skirmishing. The rebels rapidly received reinforcements from the Junction after the attack was opened. The battle consisted of a succession of fires from masked batteries which opened in every direction. When one was silenced its place was supplied by two in the daring charge of infantry in unmasking them. The 2d Ohio and 2d New York State militia were marched in flank through the woods by a new made road within a mile of the main road, when they came on a battery with four regiments flanked in rear. Our men were immediately ordered to lie down on the side of the road, in order to allow two pieces of artillery to pass through and attack the work, when this battery opened upon us and killed, on the third round, Lieut. Dempsey, of Company G, New York 2d, and Wm. Maxwell, drummer, and seriously wounding several others. Our troops were kept for fifteen or twenty minutes under a galling fire. They not being able to exchange shots with the enemy, although within stone's throw of their batteries, they succeeded in retiring in regular order, and with their batteries.

The most gallant charge of the day was made by the New York 69th, 70th, and 13th, who rushed upon one battery, firing as they proceeded with perfect *eclat*, and attacking it with the bayonet's point. Their yell of triumph seemed to carry all before it. They found that the rebels had abandoned the battery, and only taken one gun, but their success was acquired only by a severe loss of life, in which the 69th most severely suffered, and it was reported that Lieut. Col. Nugent was among the first killed.

The Zouaves also distinguished themselves by their spirited assaults on the batteries at the point of the bayonet, but it is feared that their loss is immense. Up to 5 P. M., it was generally understood that we had hemmed in the enemy entirely, and that they were gradually retiring, and that Col. Hunter had driven them back in the rear, and that Col. Heintzelman's command was successful, and that it required but the reserve from Tyler's division to push on to the Junction.

A Mississippi soldier was taken prisoner by Hasbrouck, of the 2d Wisconsin regiment, and he turned out to be Brig. Quartermaster Pryor, cousin to Roger A. Pryor. He was captured with his horse as he by accident rode into our lines. He discovered himself by remarking to Hasbrouck, "We are getting badly cut to pieces." "What regiment do you belong to?" asked Hasbrouck. "The 19th Mississippi," was the answer. "Then you are my prisoner," said Hasbrouck.

From the statements of this prisoner it appears that our artillery has created great havoc among the rebels, of whom there are 30,000 or 40,000 in the field under command of Beauregard, while they have a reserve of 75,000 at the Junction.

He describes one officer, the most prominent in the fight, distinguished by his white horse, as Jeff. Davis. He confirmed previous reports of a regiment of negroes in the rebel forces, but says it is difficult to get them in proper discipline in battle array. The position of the enemy extend on three lines in the form of a triangle, the apex pointing to the center of the column. The area seems to have been filled with masked batteries. At seven this evening guns were still heard firing at short intervals.

TERRIBLE CONFLICT AT MANASSAS.

Our community was thrown into a fearful condition of anxiety and excitement yesterday (Monday) P. M., owing to telegrams concerning a collision between the Federal and Rebel troops at Manassas. Report followed report, and these were of such a character that many believed the Union forces were being rapidly destroyed, and that Washington was again exposed to ruthless assault from the minions of Jeff. Davis. It was evident that we had met with a reverse, and a very serious one, but the statements were so contradictory none could tell to what extent we had suffered. As hours passed by the darker features of our news began to assume a somewhat more cheering aspect, and we now give those details which wear the garb of reliability. It cannot be denied that we have met with a repulse, but the statements that we lost entire batteries, and that whole regiments were cut to pieces, is without foundation. The latest received intelligence is as follows:

Our troops, after taking three batteries and gaining a great victory, were eventually repulsed and commenced retreating to Washington. The retreat is in good order with the rear well covered by a good column.

It was known to our troops at the time of the battle yesterday that Johnson had formed a connection with Beauregard on the night of the first action at Bull's Run. Our men could distinctly hear cars coming into the Junction, and the cheers with which the rebels hailed their newly arrived comrades. They knew that the enemy was our superior in numbers, and knew our position. These facts were further confirmed by prisoners taken and deserters and spies; but these facts were not probably known at Washington, and the officers in leading our men into action only obeyed orders. It was the arrival of these fresh reinforcements of the enemy in superior numbers that turned the scale of battle. The enemy before now might perhaps have had more to boast of had they followed up their advantage last night.

The retreat of troops to Centerville was successfully accomplished by eight o'clock last evening, the regiments rejoining the positions vacated in the morning, minus large numbers that had been scattered in the woods in various directions. Those who succeeded in reaching Centerville had an opportunity of four hours to sleep. The reserve force, under Col. Miles, being posted beyond Centerville at one o'clock in the morning, the retreat from that point commenced and was maintained in good order to Arlington Heights. The army, in its retreat, was compelled to leave behind a large amount of provisions and ammunition. About forty army wagons fell into the hands of the rebels.

As fast as the United States troops retired, the positions were immediately occupied by rebels until after Fairfax Court House was passed, after which pursuit was not continued.

In many instances the teamsters unhitched the horses and abandoned the wagons when there was not the slightest necessity.

The rebel cavalry were the terror of the volunteers, who were compelled to keep the woods in order to avoid being charged by them.

It is estimated that only 20,000 in all of our troops were engaged in battle yesterday, and only 15,000 at any one time, including 600 or 700 of the Rhode Island 1st and 2d regiments.

The returned soldiers are perfectly worn out. Many of them state that they went to the battlefield after breakfasting. They were all engaged at some time, while the rebel strength was supplied with fresh forces. The whole battle in the center column was within the radius of a mile. It is believed that the rebels abandoned some of their batteries for the purpose of decoying the attacking force to advance to a position where a double fire could be directed at them and sweep their lines.

The following interesting statement is received from a gentleman who accompanied the 8th New York regiment:

The men marched on the battlefield after a fatigue march of nine hours and immediately on the enemy. The enemy's batteries were all concealed, which made it exceedingly difficult for our men. As they were moving forward they could not see the enemy, and consequently could not direct their fire with as telling results as they would had they been in the field.

The following is the secession account of the battle:

Richmond, July 23, via New Orleans.—The reports of the killed and wounded were so unreliable last night, owing to the confusion following the victory at Manassas, that I refrain from giving them, being careful of giving causeless pain to anxious hearts. Beauregard and staff are safe. Beauregard's horse was shot from under him. General Johnson commanded the left wing when the enemy made their first attack. General Beauregard commanded the right of the column. Jeff Davis reached the field at noon and took command of the center. When the left was pressed the severest, the center engaged a portion of the enemy's force and decided the fortunes of the day.

PATTERSON'S COMMAND.

The column under command of Gen. Patterson, (the composition of which we will endeavor to give in next issue of the Rural,) with the exception of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, advanced to Bunker Hill on the 15th. The march was a very pleasant one, and nothing of a serious nature occurred until near the latter point, which is nine miles below Martinsburg. Captain Tompkins' Rhode Island battery had the lead, supported by the 21st Pennsylvania regiment, and followed by the 23d. Just below Bunker Hill, Colonel Stewart, with six hundred rebel cavalry, drew up for a charge upon the 21st, but failed to see the Rhode Island battery, which opened with powerful effect with shot, shell and grape. Colonel Stewart's charge was immediately broken, when the 2d United States cavalry, under Colonel Thomas, charged and pursued him two miles, capturing one captain and one private, who have been sent back to Martinsburg. The remainder of Colonel Stewart's force scattered into the woods, and the 2d returned. The whole secession force has fallen back on Winchester, thirteen miles from here.

A dispatch from Bunker Hill on the 17th says:—Much to the surprise of the whole army, instead of proceeding direct to Winchester, we took the line of march this morning from Bunker Hill to Charlestown, and now have full possession. The reason for this move is that Winchester is defended on the north side by strong breastworks in the form of a letter V. Leaving the town behind the angle, it cannot be attacked on that side without exposing our troops to a destructive cross fire. The west side is defended by a palisade, but the east side is only covered by a wall. On this side is also an eminence which commands the town, and which has been left unoccupied, and it is thought to have been the design of Gen. Patterson to secure it as the base of operations.

Communication with Harper's Ferry will be opened to-morrow from this point, and a force stationed there. The whole force has reached here except 4th Connecticut. Colonel Yates 1st Pennsylvania reached here from Martinsburg to-day, guarding a train of 200 wagons, accompanied by Capt. Girard's company of Pennsylvania 7th. But a small force is now stationed at Martinsburg. Much of the provisions left there have been returned to Williamsport, and will thence be sent to Harper's Ferry by canal. Capt. McMullen took possession of some corn left at the depot at this point by the enemy.

The Home Guard here dispersed to-day in a very fast style, as the 2d cavalry and Philadelphia troop charged into the town from both sides. Many of the inhabitants who have heretofore been regarded as rebels, are now strong Unionists.

No event of importance occurred on the march. Report says there are earthworks of an important character in the neighborhood of Winchester, and abatis of formidable proportions had been formed on the road leading from Bunker Hill to Winchester. The movement upon this point was to secure the Winchester and Potomac road, and thus protect the opening of the canal and the rebuilding of the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry. The latter place will be immediately guarded, and communication with Baltimore re-established.

The telegraph, on the 20th, gives us the following additional news from Gen. Patterson's column, dated Charlestown, July 20:—In consequence of complaints from numerous commanders, that their men were without shoes, clothing, &c., and could not be now supplied, as the time for which they had been sworn in had nearly expired, Gen. Patterson has visited the brigades, and plead earnestly with the men to stand by him for love of country and honor of the flag, for a few days longer, but failed to gain support. The good behavior of the soldiers is having excellent effect upon the town's people. Many of the families were prepared to leave upon the arrival of our army, but are now going to remain, feeling that their property and lives are secure.

McCLELLAND'S COMMAND.

The Kanawha correspondent of the *Gazette* says on the forenoon of the 18th Gen. Cox ordered the 12th Ohio regiment, two companies of the 21st Ohio regiment, and two guns of the Cleveland artillery and Ironton cavalry, to reconnoitre a supposed masked battery near the mouth of Pope creek, four miles from Gen. Cox's headquarters. They discovered the enemy, 1,500 strong, strongly intrenched in Scarcey Hill, with a masked battery of two guns. Our men were fired upon from a masked battery and a log house, and our men, after firing forty rounds, crossed the creek and silenced the battery, but the ammunition giving out, they were compelled to retreat. One gun of the masked battery was afterward removed and opened fire. Col. Allen and Lieut. Pomeroy, of the 21st Ohio regiment, were killed, 17 wounded and 3 missing. Morton, of the 21st Ohio, was badly wounded and taken prisoner. The rebels were commanded by Col. Tompkins.

On Friday night a detachment of Col. Woodruff's 2d Kentucky regiment, comprising three or four companies, including the commands of Captains Brown and Hurd, made a forward movement to Barbourville, seven miles back of Guyandotte, in pursuit of a force of five or six hundred rebel militia, reported to have encamped or congregated near that point, on an eminence on the banks of Mud river—the rebel force being principally from Wayne and Cabel counties, Va. About 6 A. M. Saturday, Woodruff's force arrived at the contemplated scene of action, and after relaying plank removed from the gangway of the bridge, crossed over, encountering the enemy on an eminence between Mud river and Barbourville. The rebels immediately fled in every direction, with the Kentuckians in close pursuit. Ten or twelve of the rebels were killed and a number wounded. One of the Kentucky boys, whose name we have not learned, was killed.

Headquarters Army of Occupation,
Beverly, July 19.

Soldiers of the Army of the West:

I am more than satisfied with you. You have annihilated two armies, commanded by excellent and experienced soldiers, intrenched in mountain fastnesses, and fortified at their leisure. You have taken five guns, twelve colors, fifteen hundred stand of arms, one thousand prisoners, including more than forty officers.

One of the second commanders of the rebels is a prisoner. The other lost his life on the field of battle. You have killed more than 280 of the enemy, who has lost all his baggage and camp equipage. All this has been accomplished with the loss of twenty brave men killed and sixty wounded on your part. You have proved that Union men who fight for the preservation of our Government, are more than a match for our misguided and erring brothers. More than this, you showed mercy to the vanquished. You have made long and arduous marches with insufficient food, frequently exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

I have not hesitated to demand this of you, feeling that I could rely on your endurance, patriotism and courage. In the future I may have still greater demands to make upon you and still greater sacrifices for you to offer. It shall be my care to provide for you to the extent of my ability, but I know now that by your valor and endurance you will accomplish all that is asked. Soldiers, I have confidence in you, and I trust you have learned to confide in me. Remember that discipline and subordination are qualities of equal value with courage. I am proud to say that you have gained the highest reward that American troops can receive—the thanks of Congress, and the applause of your fellow-citizens.

R. B. McClelland, Major-General.

War Movements in the West.

On the 16th inst. eight hundred United States troops came up ahead of the passenger train as far as Millsville, thirty miles above St. Charles, on the Northern Missouri railroad, when the track was torn up. The U. S. troops were fired into, when an engagement ensued, resulting in the loss of 7 rebels killed and several taken prisoners. One man who was caught with a gun in his hand, and another who attempted to escape, was riddled with balls. A fight occurred three miles east of Fulton, Holloway county, on the 18th, between Col. McNeil, with 600 men, and Gen. Harris, with about 1,000 men. Six United States troops and 80 rebels were killed, and 200 rebels taken prisoners. The rebels were completely routed.

Twelve of McNeil's force were wounded, including a colored body servant. On the part of the Federals only the advanced guard of the United States force were in the engagement, and were fired upon from an ambush. The rebels then fled and some of them were seen afterwards quietly at work in the fields as though nothing had happened.

An official dispatch from Col. McNeil states that he had met Harris and had completely routed him, losing 0, with 12 wounded. Harris' force is considerably diminished.

Four hundred mounted secessionists from Boone county, under Captain Martin, attempted to join Gen. Harris but failed.

A ferry boat, with armed men, is cruising on our river to prevent the escape of rebels from Callaway county.

Capt. Cavender, of Col. Blair's regiment, reached St. Louis on the 16th from Springfield. He reports Gen. Lyon in Springfield, but his command are encamped 11 miles north. The march from Booneville was very severe, and provisions scarce; the men are being put on half rations. Gen. Lyon would remain in Springfield till he could obtain a full supply of subsistence and additional means of transportation, and allow his men to recuperate.

Jackson's force left Neosho and passed into Arkansas.

A special from Jefferson City to the St. Louis Democrat says a messenger from Springfield, on the 16th, arrived there, reports Gen. Lyon had concentrated all the Federal forces at that point and only waited for a supply of provisions to attack Jackson's forces and drive them out of the State. McCollough left for Arkansas after a violent dispute with Jackson, whom he called a coward in presence of all his officers.

The Fort Scott Democrat of the 13th furnishes the following items:

Gen. Lyon, who is now marching South towards Springfield, has about 6,000 men, including Major Sturgis' command. He has also 24 pieces of artillery of all descriptions, an abundance of ammunition and a full train of wagons.

McCullough and Jackson have retreated across the Arkansas line for the purpose of drilling their troops.

Their available force is placed at 17,000, including the Texan rangers and a Mississippi regiment.

Gen. Lyon's strength will be between 10,000 and 12,000.

A sergeant belonging to Capt. Cook's company of Home Guards, arrived at Syracuse on the 19th. He reports that Capt. Cook had captured eight secessionists, among them a messenger from Jackson bearing letters to different persons. In one of these letters Jackson begs for more men, and admits having lost 500 killed in the battle of Carthage.

By the train on the 21st from St. Charles, Mo., we have confirmation of the report that Col. Ben. Sharp, of Montgomery county, and Lieut. Jaeger of the U. S. troops were wounded by the rebels and subsequently hung. Lieut. Jaeger, who had been wounded in the arm a day or two previous by rebels at Wellsville, was being taken by Col. Sharp to his (Sharp's) home in Danville, in a buggy, when they were fired upon by some parties concealed in bushes by the roadside, and Col. Sharp was severely wounded in the back. Their horse taking fright, ran to Martinsburgh. When there, they were soon after overtaken by a party of mounted rebels, and in spite of their entreaties that their lives might be spared, they were both taken out and hung. Col. Sharp was captain of the Montgomery Home Guards, and a prominent lawyer of Danville, and formerly a state senator.

A special messenger to Kansas City on the 21st, gives the following:—Twenty minutes past 2 o'clock on the 18th, Major Van Horn's command of the U. S. Reserve Home Guard of this place, numbering about 170 men, was attacked by 500 rebels under Capt. Duncan, three miles north of Harrisonville. The fight lasted four hours, during which time a continued firing was kept up on both sides. At twenty minutes past six the rebels withdrew, leaving the U. S. troops victorious. Loss of rebels was 14 killed, including two officers, and several wounded. The loss of the U. S. force was one killed. At 12 o'clock the U. S. troops continued their march, crossing Grand River, but they were compelled to leave three of their baggage wagons on the bank of the river, in consequence of high water. Major Van Horn left this city on the morning of the 17th, for the purpose of reinforcing Major Dean, now holding West Point, Mo., with a small force, having routed 100 of the rebels at that place. Major Van Horn's command was attacked while at dinner. They planted their flag staff, never giving away an inch, nor moving their flag till after the rebels withdrew. The enemy attempted to flank them on the left with a company of cavalry, but were completely routed by a detailed force under Captain Butler.

The Publisher to the Public.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

THE Second Half of the Twelfth Volume of RURAL NEW-YORKER commenced July 6th. Now, therefore, is the time for renewals, and for new subscriptions, whether club or single. Additions to clubs are also in order, at club rates. Agents and Subscribers—and indeed all who are friendly to the RURAL—are frankly asked to aid in extending our circulation so far as consistent. In return, we promise our best efforts to render the paper as interesting and valuable as possible—to spare no reasonable effort or expenditure to fully maintain, if not augment, its position as *the Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class.*

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the OLD address as well as the NEW to secure compliance with their requests.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, July 23, 1861.

Flour—The decline in Flour equals 25 cents per barrel on all brands.

Grain—We do not observe any change in the rates for best winter wheat, but inferior and spring have fallen off materially. Oats have advanced somewhat.

Provisions—Choice Lambs bring 25 cents per head more than at the date of our last report. Hams are a little firmer with a slight advance.

Wool—There is no change in prices, nor in the amount offered for sale.

Hay—Old Hay is selling at prices heretofore quoted, while new is worth $6@$10 per tun.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,00@5.25	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do,	4.25@4.75	Candles, box	10½@11c
Flour, buckwheat	2 00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	90@90c	FRUIT AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1 00@1 25	Apples, bushel	50@75c
Best white Canada	1 25@1 30	Apples, dried ⅌ lb.	3½@3c
Corn, old	38@40c	Peaches, do.	12@12c
Corn, new	38@40c	Cherries, do.	12@12c
Rye, 60 lbs. ⅌ bush	50@50c	Plums, do.	00@8c
Oats, by weight	25@28c	Potatoes	25@38c
Barley	60@70c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	3@3½c
Beans	1.00@1 25	Calf	6@6c
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts	10@15c
Pork, Mess	$15.00@15.50	Lamb Pelts	18@31c
Pork, clear	18.00@19 00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	5 00@5.50	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4 00@5.50	Timothy	2 50@3.00
Spring lambs, each	1 50@2.00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	Wood, hard	$5,00@5.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	3 00@3.00
Shoulders	6@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7 00@7 00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	5.75@6 00
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	5 75@6 00
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5 75@6 00
Ducks ⅌ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1 38@1 42
Butter, roll	9@10c	Hay, tun	8 00@11 00
Butter, firkin	8@10c	Straw, tun	0.00@0.00
Cheese	4@6c	Wool, ⅌ lb	18@23c
Lard, tried	9@9½c	Whitefish, half bbl	3.00@3.25
Tallow, rough	5@5½c	Codfish, quintal	3.50@4.25
Tallow, tried	7½@8c	Trout, half bbl	3.25@3.50

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 22.—FLOUR—Market opened 5c better but with only a very moderate business doing for export and home consumption, closed quiet at previous rates. Sales at $4@4,10 for superfine State, $4,25@4,40 for extra do, $3,85@4 05 for superfine Western, $4 25@4,50 for common to medium extra do; $4,90@5 00 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5,10@6,10 for trade brands do,—market closing quiet.—The sales of extra State were chiefly at $4 30@4,35. Canadian flour may be quoted a shade firmer on common grades, with a moderate business doing. Sales at $3 75@3,85 for superfine, and $4 20@7,00 for common to choice extra. Rye flour steady, with small sales at $2,50@3,50. Corn meal quiet and unchanged.—Sales at $3.05 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—Wheat market continues quite firm, with a fair demand for export and home consumption with only a limited supply offering. Sales Chicago spring at 85@93c, Northwestern club at 94@95c, very choice do. at $1,03, Milwaukee club at 90@96c, amber Iowa at $1@1,02; Racine spring at 98c, Minnesota spring at $1@1 02, winter red Western at $1,12@1,15, new amber Delaware at $1,23, red Maryland at $1,18. Rye quiet, with sales at 65@66c for North River, and 46c for Western. Barley and Barley malt continue dull and nominally unchanged. Peas remain quiet and nominal at 85c for Canadian. Corn market without any material change in prices, with only a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 30@42c for damaged to inferior new mixed Western, 43@45c for sound do, and 47c for prime do, and 48c for new yellow. Oats quiet and firm and in moderate demand at 26@29c. for Western and Canadian, and 33@34c. for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork market quiet and prices easier, sales at $15,37@15,50 for mess, $10 00 for prime. Beef unchanged, sales at $4@4 50 for country prime; $5,00@5 50 for country mess; $8@10,50 for re-packed mess; and $10,50@11,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged, at $17@19. Beef hams quiet, sales at $14 00 for Western, and $12 50 for State. Cut meats are quiet, with sales at 4½@5c for Shoulders, and 8@9c for Hams. Smoked meats are nominal at 8½@10½c for Hams, 7@8c for Shoulders, and 9¼c for sides.—Bacon dull and prices nominally unchanged. Lard quiet, and prices without change, sales at 8@9c. for No. 1 to choice Western. Butter is selling at 6½@11c for Ohio, and 8@17½c for State. Cheese in moderate request, and selling at 2@7c for inferior to prime.

ASHES—Are without particular change, sales at $4,87½ for Pots, and Pearls at $5,75, with some poor lots at $5,62½c.

HOPS—Continue in good steady demand, and with a small stock, full prices are realized, the sales are about 200 bales at 18@27c, as to quality, and some 100 do. 1859's 10@12c cash.

ALBANY, JULY 22.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a fair demand for Flour at unchanged prices, as follows:

Common to good State,	$3,70@3,80
Fancy and extra State,	4 00@4,50
Common to good Western,	4 00@4,50
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	4,75@6,75
Extra Ohio,	6,00@6,75
Common Canadian,	4 00@4 50
Extra Canadian,	4,75@6,25
Fancy Genesee,	6,00@6,50
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,00@7.00

Corn meal is selling slowly at 94c@1,06 ⅌ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is but little if any grain afloat this morning, and the transactions have been very limited. Wheat quiet but holders are anxious to realize. Corn quiet. In other grains there was but little offering and no sales reported.

FEED—Sales 11 tuns middlings at 65c.

BUFFALO, JULY 22.—FLOUR—Prices steady and demand moderate, with sales to-day of Wisconsin extra at $3,61½@4 00, Superfine do at $3,25@3,75; Superfine Michigan at $3,50@3,75; Ohio and Indiana extras at $4,50@5,25, double extra do at $5,25@5,75, fine flour at $2 25@2,50, Illinois extra at $5,00, and Indiana superfine at $3,62½.

GRAIN—Wheat market firm but quiet, and the only sales to-day were Iowa amber at 87½c, and Milwaukee club on private terms. Corn quiet; sales to-day at 32½c, and a lot to complete a load, 33c. Oats advanced, sales Illinois, to arrive, at 23c afloat, Canada at 24c. Barley quiet and unchanged, at 51@54c. Rye, sales at 37c. Peas, last sale at 50c.

PROVISIONS—Market dull and sales confined to local demand. We quote Mess pork at $14 50. Prime at $17,50. Hams at 8@8½c. Shoulders at 5@6c. Lard at 8@8½c. Cheese at 6@9c for old, and 4@6c for new.

TORONTO, JULY 20.—FLOUR—Has been more active these few days past, though the value remains little altered. The lightness of the receipts of fresh ground has occasioned some inquiry and heightened the views of holders, and a few sales have been made at extreme quotations. Buyers are, however, shy of those brands which have not been ground within the month, so that business is necessarily restricted, seeing that millers are unable to turn out any quantities owing to the lowering of the streams. The stock of old flour on hand is light, though we believe considerable quantities are yet held in other markets by millers here. We quote for

Superfine Extra	$5,50@6,25
Extra,	5,00@5,25
Fancy,	4,50@4,75
No. One,	3,75@4,00

Oatmeal continues quiet at $3@3,25.

GRAIN—Fall wheat has ruled uniform all the week, in the absence of receipts. The demand is not very active, and prices are unchanged. The deliveries would not exceed 800 bushels daily, the better qualities of which move off at $1@1 07, while the more common grades brought 90@95c. Car wheat does not come forward freely, and very little changed hands through the week, the price ranges from 93@97c on the track, though some inferior samples, tainted with smut, sold for even less.—Spring wheat has been unusually light in its supplies, and is moderately active. Buyers are anxious enough to make purchases at present prices, though no disposition is shown to any advance. Prices during the week ranged from 68@75c., and in some instances 76c. Barley has been very quiet and receipts, like the demand, have been very limited. Some few loads sold at 35@37c. Oats have been in demand these last few days, and are somewhat scarce. Prices have somewhat slightly advanced, and may now be quoted at 28@29c. Peas continue quiet with no change in price. The deliveries continue very limited and sell at 40@45c.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 17.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ⅌ cwt,	$7 50@8.50
Ordinary quality,	7 00@7 50
Common quality,	6.50@7 00
Inferior quality,	6.00@6.50
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality,	$50.00@55 00
Ordinary quality,	40 00@50 00
Common quality,	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality,	22 00@28.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ⅌ lb,	4½@5 c
Ordinary quality,	4 @4½c
Common quality,	3½@4 c
Inferior quality,	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ⅌ head,	$4 25@5.50
Ordinary quality,	3.75@4.75
Common quality,	3.00@3.50
Inferior quality,	2.50@3.00
SWINE.	
First quality, ⅌ lb,	3¾@4½c
Other qualities,	3 @3½c

ALBANY, JULY 22.—BEEVES—There is very little change to notice this week, the market being, as usual this year, overstocked. The receipts continue heavy, there being over 3,000 fresh arrivals. The quality of the cattle is fair, though hardly as good as last week, a large portion of the offerings being light, fat steers, just suitable for warm weather. There is but little trading going on, and this is all on Eastern account, as in our round of the yards we did not find but two bunches sold to New Yorkers.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year
Cattle,	3,030	3,330	4,250
Sheep,	3,328	3,604	4,539
Hogs,	..	..	..

PRICES—We have but slight alterations to make in our quotations from last week's rates.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium,	0 @0 c	0 @ c
Extra,	4½@4½c	4¾@4½c
First quality,	3¾@3¾c	3¾@3¾c
Second quality,	2¾@3¼c	2¾@3 c
Third quality,	2 @2½c	2½@0 c

SHEEP—Largely in excess of the demand and very little trading going on. We hear of only one sale, a lot of 156, avar. 86 lbs. at $2 95 ⅌ 100 lbs.

HOGS—Receipts extremely light, we quote nominally still-fed at 3¾@3¾c, corn-fed fat 4@4½c ⅌ lb.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 17.—At market 497 Cattle, 450 Beeves, and 47 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.00@6.25, first quality, $5.75, second do, $5.00@0.00, third do, $4.50.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$30@50.

STORES—Yearlings, none, Two years old, none; Three years old, none.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,730 at market. Prices in lots at $1 50 1.75@2 each; extra and selections $2.00@3.00, or 3@3½c ⅌ lb. Spring Lambs $1,50@3.00.

HIDES—4½@5c ⅌ lb. Tallow, 6@6c.

PELTS—25c@$1. Calf Skins, 7@8c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$0@0.

BRIGHTON, JULY 18.—At market 1,300 Beeves, 75 Stores 1,700 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,150 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.50, first quality, $6.25, second do, $6.00, third do, $5.50.

MILCH COWS—$43@47, common, $17@18.

WORKING OXEN—$85, $90@109.

VEAL CALVES—$3, $4@5.

YEARLINGS—None, two years old, $16@17; three years old, $18@19 each.

HIDES—4½@4¾c. Tallow, 6c.

CALF SKINS—7@8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1 75@2.10, extra and selections, $3,00@$3,37.

PELTS—25c.@$1 00.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 5@5½c, retail, 6@6½c; fat hogs, still fed, none, corn fed, none, spring pigs, 7@8c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 20.—Reports from the country are to the effect that farmers will not generally sell their wool at the present decline from last year's prices. This being the case, it must in time help the market for the better qualities of Foreign Wools, and if the new contracts about to be given out for army goods are taken, there must be more doing at the sea board.—The market, however, stands unaffected, and there is but little more doing from first hands. A light retail business is going on among dealers, but only to a small extent. The last few days, however, there has been a little more inquiry, and we notice sales of 30 bales washed Cordova at 20c, and here and in Boston, some 700 to 800 bales Smyrna at 11@15c for unwashed, and 26c for washed, 6 months.

American Saxony Fleece ⅌ lb,				38@40
American full blood Merino,				36@37
American half and three-quarter blood Merino,				28@31
Native and one-fourth Merino,				22@25
Extra, Pulled				33@37
Superfine, Pulled,				31@34
No. 1, Pulled				22@24
Lamb's, Pulled				20@27
California, fine, unwashed,				24@28
California, common do.				10@18
Peruvian, washed,				10@30
Valparaiso, unwashed				11@12
South American Merino, unwashed,				21@25
Do	do.	Mestiza,	do.	16@23
Do.	do.	common, washed,		10@13
Do	do.	Entre Rios,	do.	16@18
Do	do	Entre Rios, unwashed,		9@10
Do	do	Cordova, washed,		20½@21
Cape Good Hope, unwashed,				25@28
East India, washed,				17@25
African, washed,				16@28
Do	unwashed,			9@19
Smyrna,	do			11@14
Do.	washed,			20@26
Mexican, unwashed,				10@12

BOSTON, July 20.—Sales of about 80,000 lbs fleece and pulled Wool, much of it of the fine grades, in the country, transactions have been small, at 30@40c ⅌ lb. Sales of 125 bales, mostly Mediterranean, at various prices, about 135 bales Cape of Good Hope Wool have been exported during the week to Marseilles.

Saxony Fleece,	38@40	Pulled No. 1,	26@30
Full blood Merino,	33@38	Do No. 2,	16@20
Three-fourth do,	34@36	Texas,	9@40
Half do,	32@34	Smyrna, washed,	15@26
Common,	28@30	Do. unwashed,	9@17
Western mixed,	20@25	Buenos Ayres,	9@45
Pulled Extra,	38@43	Crimea,	7@17
Do Superfine,	30@39	Canada,	29@33

TORONTO, JULY 20.—Wool in fair demand, though with very little offering, 22@23c are the ruling prices.—*Globe.*

DETROIT, JULY 20.—Contrary to general expectation, the market has suffered a decline of 3c during the past week. The current rates are now as follows:

Full blood,	28c
Three-quarter blood	26c
Quarter to half blood,	22@25c
Native,	20c

With the decline we note increased inquiry, but generally in a very quiet way, buyers persistently refusing to go beyond the above range. Although many who can afford to hold back will pursue that course, it cannot affect the market, as there is enough offering to meet the demand. There is, however, on the whole, more disposition to sell, even on the part of those who can afford to hold, and probably all or nearly all the wool of the State could now be had at 20@30c for common to best.—*Tribune.*

Married.

AT the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y., July 17th, by Rev. JOHN A. BOWMAN, Mr. H. E. LIGHT, of Greenville, Montcalm Co., Mich., and Miss MARY H. SHEPARD, of the former place.

Died.

IN Toronto, at the residence of her son, on Monday, July 15th, after a long and painful illness, MARY ANN, the beloved mother of A. H. ST GERMAIN, Publisher of the Toronto Journal, aged 87 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

FALLEY SEMINARY, Fulton, N. Y., offers Board, Washing, Fuel and Room furnished, except sheets and pillow cases, 14 weeks for $23. Tuition, $5 to $8. Term opens Aug 15th.
Address J. P. GRIFFIN, Principal.
602-4t

$80 Per Month—Agents Wanted in every Town.—It is no patent medicine or Book Agency, but something new and of real value. For particulars address with stamp
J. S. PARDEE,
Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y.

AGENTS Wanted Everywhere—Who can make from $25 to $100, in their neighborhood, without interfering with any other business they may be engaged in. Send one 3 cent stamp and get full particulars. Address P. W. DANA, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR Sale at NIAGARA FALLS. The healthiest spot on earth—63 acres of fine land, situated midway between Fall and Suspension Bridge, and 1¼ miles from H. H. Bay's Hydraulic Canal, now just finished. The premises consist of a neat and commodious Cottage Residence, containing 13 Rooms, Gas, Bath, &c., &c., Coach House, Barns, Garden, Orchard of choice Fruit, Farmer's House, &c., &c. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Apply to
602-3t W. O. BUCHANAN, Suspension Bridge, P. O., N. Y.

A Splendid Farm to Let for a Term of 5 YEARS.—The subscriber, having been in feeble health for several years, has now concluded to try long sea voyages, and will let about 300 acres (all tillable) of his farm for a money rent. The farm is in perfect order and one of the best in the State for either grain or grass, excellently watered, buildings first rate. As he intends sailing by 1st of October it is important that intending offerers should view it immediately.
602-tf ROBT. J. SWAN.
Rose Hill Farm, near Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y., July 20, 1861.

ANEROID BAROMETERS,
MANUFACTURED BY
E. KENDALL & CO., New-Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

Retail price, $7.00 in plain box, $8.00 in fancy box. When from 3 to 6 are ordered, 25 per cent. discount, and when from 6 to 12 are ordered, 30 per cent. discount to dealers and clubs.
TERMS—Cash on delivery of goods. Sent safely by Express.
☞ All work warranted of first quality.

MIDDLEFIELD, Conn., July 13, 1861.
MESSRS. E. KENDALL & Co.:
Gentlemen—I have had one of your Aneroid Barometers in use for more than one year, and find it to be a most excellent instrument—scarcely a week passes but what it gives me real aid in reference to the weather. In haying no farmer should be without it. Twice this month has it advised us early in the morning that the weather would be good when all appearances indicated rain. We mowed with perfect confidence in the cool of the morning, and had good weather to cure our hay. My mercurial barometer (though it cost me $18) is now useless, because it is not one-half so sensitive as your aneroids. I should consider yours as a good investment at $20.
Yours truly and respectfully, DAVID LYMAN.

Tracy Female Institute, 33 ALEXANDER ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The 18th Year will commence on Wednesday, Aug 28, 1861. Address LUCILIA TRACY, Principal.

FOWLER AND WELLS' JOURNALS.
Enlarged and Improved. Price not Increased.

Postmasters, Clergymen, Teachers, and others are requested to act as Agents and get Clubs for our Journals:

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

WATER-CURE JOURNAL,
A GUIDE TO HEALTH.

These Journals commence new volumes with July, and have been enlarged, giving now in each

24 Pages Monthly, instead of 16.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

Single copy, monthly, one year $1 00
Ten copies, to separate addresses, if desired, ... $5.00

Any person sending Five Dollars for ten copies, will be entitled to *an extra copy gratis.* Add six cents a year for each subscriber in the British Provinces to pay postage. Specimens sent free.
FOWLER AND WELLS,
308 Broadway, New York.
Agents wanted everywhere to sell our publications. Send for our Wholesale List and Confidential Circular. 601-4t

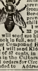
I WANT 100 SMART MEN (unemployed,) to sell WAR BOOKS! Sure to sell fast, and large profit given. Address, GEO. EDWARD SEARS,
599-4t 181 William Street, New York.

Bright on Grape Culture.—SECOND EDITION.—Thirty Pages of New Matter, with the experience of 1860 and '61, being the most important part of the work. Indispensable to all GRAPE GROWERS. Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price, 50 cents, in stamps.
Address WILLIAM BRIGHT,
598-7t Box 138 Philadelphia P. O., Pa.

FIRST PREMIUM
AWARDED BY
New York State Agricultural Society,
AT ELMIRA, OCT., 1860,
TO HARDER'S HORSE-POWER.
THE SUBSCRIBERS MANUFACTURE AT COBLESKILL, N. Y.,
ENDLESS CHAIN HORSE-POWERS,
COMBINED THRESHERS AND CLEANERS,
THRESHERS AND SEPARATORS.

These Powers are operated with greater ease to the team than others, running with very low elevation, and slow travel of the horses. The Combined Thresher and Cleaner runs very easy, is capacious, separates the grain cleanly from the straw, and cleans as well as a regular fanning mill. In short, *these machines have no equal,* of which fact we believe we can satisfy all who will consult their own interest by addressing
597-tf R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, Schoharie Co., N. Y.

ATTENTION! BEE-KEEPERS.—Kidder's new system of Bee Management, whereby a swarm of Bees will collect from one to three hundred pounds of honey in one season. Bees can be made to swarm any season, or prevented from doing so. Can be prevented from flying to the forests in swarming-time. Bee-robbery easily prevented. Moth millers prevented effectually. Never lose bees by the chill of winter or otherwise.



I will send my new Book Circular, containing 32 pages, free of postage, to any Bee-Keeper that will send me his Post-Office address. It gives the contents of Book in full, and gives general explanations, and *cuts* of the Patent Compound Hive.

Or, I will send Kidder's Guide to Apiarian Science, on the receipt of 57 cents, in postage stamps, which will give full particulars in the Culture and Management of the Honey Bee.

All orders for Circulars, Books, Hives, Rights, &c., promptly attended to. Address K. P. KIDDER, Burlington, Vt.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY SCALES!
THE BEST IN USE!

HAY SCALES. CATTLE SCALES. HAY SCALES.	No Pit—set above ground—no trouble with water or ice—no friction on knife edges—weigh truly if not level—simple in use. Delivered at any Railroad Station. Send for Circulars.
	Ingersoll's Portable Hay Press,
HAY PRESSES. HAY PRESSES. HAY PRESSES.	For Baling Hay, Flax, Broom Corn, Rags, Wool and Cotton. Simple—Great Power—worked by two men. Hundreds in use. Send for Circulars.
	Cast Steel Bells.
CHURCH BELLS. CHURCH BELLS. CHURCH BELLS.	Weigh less—cost less—heard further than other first class Bells. Never break by frosts. Warranted 12 months. Send for circulars and testimonials.—Fixtures made by myself, at lowest prices. Send for Circulars.
	Town Clocks,
TOWN CLOCKS. TOWN CLOCKS.	Of the most approved character, of my own manufacture, warranted equal to any in use, at greatly reduced prices.

For full particulars address
JAMES G. DUDLEY,
587-eow-tf 93 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, INDIANA.—This Institution, favorably known to the public for the last sixteen years, is now able to offer greater inducements than ever before. In consequence of recent improvements, the College buildings can accommodate two hundred and fifty boarders, and a more healthy and delightful location cannot be found. It is situated near South Bend, on the Michigan Southern R. R., within a few hours' travel of all our principal cities.

TERMS.

Entrance Fee	$5 00	
Board, Washing, Bed and Bedding, Doctor's Fees and Medicines, and Tuition in the English Course	$135 00	per annum
Latin and Greek, extra,	20 00	"
Spanish, Italian, French, and German, each,	12 00	"
Instrumental Music,	20 00	"
Drawing	12 00	"
Calisthenics,	5 00	"
Use of Philosophical Chemical Apparatus,	10 00	"

Payments to be made half-yearly, in advance.

The first session commences the first Tuesday of September. The second Session opens the first of February and ends in June, when the principal and public examination is made.

☞ Annual Descriptive Catalogue detailing full particulars furnished gratis, on application.
575-4tnk4t-jy REV. P. DILLON, President.

COUNTRY AGENTS WANTED.—$3 A DAY. Mrs. Hankins wants Agents at home or to travel for her Pictorial "FAMILY NEWSPAPER," also for her Curious New Book of FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE CITY. For Specimens and Terms inclose red stamp to HANKINS & CO., New York. 578

AGENTS WANTED to SELL FRUIT TREES.—We wish to employ a number of experienced and trustworthy men to sell trees, &c., from our Nurseries at liberal wages.
WHOLESALE DEALERS furnished with Nursery Stock of all descriptions at the lowest wholesale rates.
HOOKER, FARLEY & CO.,
584tf Rochester Wholesale Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

"WOMEN OF NEW YORK."—Mrs. Hankins' Curious New Book of Female Characters in the City, is very interesting, and strictly moral. Fancy binding; 350 Pages, 50 Engravings, 36 Portraits. Mailed free for $1. AGENTS Wanted—Ladies and Teachers. For Description of Book and Particulars of Agency, inclose red stamp to HANKINS & CO., New York. 578

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
WITH NEW
Glass Cloth Presser and Hemmers,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO beg to state that they have reduced the prices of their SEWING MACHINES, while they have added new and important improvements. The reduction is made in the hope that the Company will have no more legal expenses defending their patents.

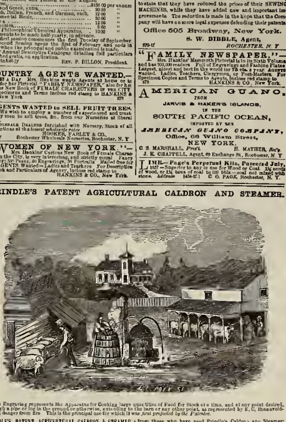
Office 505 Broadway, New York.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
579-tf ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"FAMILY NEWSPAPER."—Mrs. Hankins' Mammoth Pictorial is in its Sixth Volume and has 300,000 readers. Full of Engravings and Fashion Plates. Largest, nicest and best in the world for 75 cts. a year. AGENTS wanted. Ladies, Teachers, Clergymen, or Post-Masters. For Specimen Copies and Terms to Agents, inclose red stamp to HANKINS & CO., New York. 578

AMERICAN GUANO,
FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY,
Office, 66 William Street,
NEW YORK.
C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2¼ cords of wood, or 1¾ tons of coal to 100 bbls.—coal not mixed with stone. Address [illegible] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

PRINDLE'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL CALDRON AND STEAMER.



THIS Engraving represents the Apparatus for Cooking large quantities of Food for Stock at a time, and at any point desired, through a pipe or log in the ground or otherwise, extending to the barn or any other point, as represented by E. C., thus avoiding all danger from fire. This is the principal use for which it was *first projected by the Patentee.*

PRINDLE'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL CALDRON & STEAMER,

For Cooking Food for Stock and for all other Domestic purposes where a Caldron Kettle or Steam Boiler is required.

Good reliable Agents wanted, to canvass every County in this State for the sale of the above Steam Caldron, for which a liberal commission will be allowed. Terms of Agency can be obtained by letter inclosing postage stamp, and Illustrated Circulars sent if requested.

Address BENNETT & CO., Agent and Manufacturers,
159 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
Rochester, June 24th, 1861.

What Practical Farmers Say.

THE following is a sample of many letters recently received from those who have used Prindle's Caldron and Steamer:

WESTERN, N. Y., June 17th, 1861.
MESSRS. BENNETT & Co.—The Steam Caldron that you sent me came safely to hand. I have found no difficulty in the manner of using it, and I *take much pleasure* in informing you that it *gives perfect satisfaction.* The quantity of fuel that I would use in one day with the large Caldron set in an arch, will serve the steamer a week, and accomplish the same amount of service in cooking all kinds of food for stock. It also does its work much more perfect, and the labor to attend it is nothing in comparison to what it was when I used the Caldron Kettle.

The real benefit of cooking food for stock of any kind no one will dispute who has ever tried it. I think the reason why it has not been generally adopted is attributable to farmers—that it costs too much trouble. Your Steamer and Caldron has done away with that objection, and I feel the confidence to say that *any farmer* who will try one of your Caldrons will never be without one. Yours truly, A. J. CARMICHAEL.

Homes for the Industrious!

IN THE

GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE

1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,

In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS AND WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with, comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

of the State lies within the zone of the cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of tobacco and hemp; and the wheat is worth from fifteen to twenty cents more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanical arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing pursuits.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railways of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses, the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State Debt is only $10,105,398, 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed thro' these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of the forty nine counties through which it passes was only 335,598, since which 479,293 have been added, making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain and 250,000 barrels of flour, were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse and grow with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre according to location, quality, &c. First-class farming lands sell for about $10 or $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood lands is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

One Year's Interest in advance,

at six per ct. per annum, and six interest notes at six per ct. payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years, one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

Twenty Per Cent. will be deducted

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner, Chicago, Illinois.

For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

SELECTIONS FOR THE TIMES.

TRAVELER.

Again, again, O, Watcher on the tower!
We thirst for daylight and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious sunlight for the free?

WATCHER.

I mourn, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,
As of a lark, young prophet of the noon,
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.

Away with the sloth of peace and ease!
'Tis a nation's voice that seems to call;
Who cares for aught in times like these,
Save to win—or else to fall!

Farewell, oh, shining laurels, now!
I go with the army marching by;
Your leaves, should I win, may deck my brow,
Or my bier, if I should die.

And when the burning bullet in his breast,
He dropped, like summer fruit, from off the bough,
There was one heart that knew and loved him best—
It was a mother's—and is broken now.

We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

My brothers, hold your souls in leash, as fitteth those who see
The perfect triumph gleam beyond this drear Gethsemane;
And draw large breaths of Freedom in to make your spirits strong,
When comes the struggle that shall crush this dark and bitter wrong;
Remembering that whoso'er to such high cause is given,
On his grand forehead God shall stamp the signet seal of Heaven.

Charlotte Center, N. Y., 1861. E. C. L. K.

The Story-Teller.

[From Harper's Monthly Magazine for July.]

THROWN TOGETHER.

[Concluded from page 236, last No.]

CHAPTER III.

When Mr. Buckle awoke the next morning he heard the steward tell a gentleman in the cabin that they were passing the Delaware Capes. Those objects not being visible through the bull's eye of his port, he rose to dress and go on deck.

As he began to robe himself—for the first time in his manhood—the thought came upon him, "*How* shall I dress? *What* shall I wear?" As he regarded his somewhat rumpled shirt bosom, his vest a little threadbare at the pocket edges, his knee-sprung pantaloons, his shoes showing a spot of reddish-brown leather at the toes, and his old faded neck-tie, a new, indescribable pain afflicted him. He had clad himself in the same manner of raiment for numerous successive years, taking thought as little as any other sublimely independent Christian philosopher "wherewithal he might be clothed;" but now the thought came, and would not be put away.

With emotions of deep sorrow he endued himself in the inevitable suit of a baggageless man, having a dim sensation of dressing for the public—that public, too, an entirely different one from the type which he had imagined propitiable by Maud and small talk. Considering these things he sighed once more within himself, "Oh, Piper, Piper! how could you?" and took a resolution never hereafter to go even as far from home as Wall Street without a valise containing raimentary provision for one week at least.

His coat was tolerably nappy—though cut with a noble disregard of that worldly fashion which passeth away—and evidently the work of a tailor who may have found sermons in stones and good in everything, but did not attend the homilies of the current Brooks. This garment Mr. Buckle buttoned to as great an extent as possible over all the rest, knocked his wide-awake into a resemblance of intentional *negligé*, had the Purser's boy administer a little blacking tonic to his fainting shoes, and became comfortably uneasy for the day.

"Well, how do you stand it?" asked the Captain, encountering him by the pilot house.

"Pretty well, thank you; only I'm anxious to reach Savannah."

"Not sea sick?"

"Not at all."

"Well, you're pretty safe, then. We roll as much as we ever do, unless in a nice hard blow."

"How is Mrs. Godfrey this morning?" continued the Captain.

"Upon my word I don't know. Perhaps she isn't up yet; I don't find her in the cabin."

"Bless my soul! she's under your care! Why don't you go and knock at her state-room door and ask? She may be very sick—not able to turn out at all."

"Would it be strictly—*proper?*" asked Buckle, with slight enlargement of the eyes.

"I guess you'd think so, if you were sick and had nobody to take care of you! Our stewardess—I had to take her at the last minute, because the old one left in a huff—is a green hand, and she's down this morning, not able to do a stroke. If I'd known you weren't looking after Mrs. Belle Godfrey I'd have done it myself."

"I declare! I had no idea that was the marine system of behavior! If it's all right I'll go immediately."

Buckle found his charge as the Captain feared. A faint voice answered his knock, "Come in," and summoning all his resolution, he followed the bold lead of the cabin boy, who was just entering No. 14 to get the lamp to fill.

Nothing but a pretty little night cap, with a pretty little, pale, hopeless face in it, like a human flower in a lace calyx, appeared to Mr. Buckle. The eyes were closed as if they would never open again, and the long, dark lashes of their lids lay on the cheeks without stir, adding fringed petals to the other resemblance of a blossom.

Mr. Buckle had never seen any body desperately sea sick before, and the dreadful thought instantly struck him, "She is *dead, and I never came to help her!*" The boy had gone out and shut the door; Buckle was alone, and he gave vent to his fears in the startled exclamation, "Oh, Mrs. Godfrey, are you—*faint?*" He didn't wish to compromise himself or terrify her by saying "*dead*" while there was a chance to the contrary.

There was so much real pain in his tone that, although a moment before she would have thought the act impossible, Mrs. Belle opened her eyes and smiled, then shook her head and whispered,

"No—*very* sick."

For the first time he saw a *woman suffering.* He had been sick himself, though never at sea. He remembered well how dreadfully it *felt.* And here was a *woman* brought to his own familiar level, into his own range of sympathies. As creatures of whalebone, spring-steel, berage, and eternal smiles—as, in fine, he had seen them in his few timid invasions of society—they were immeasurably distant from him—quite at the other end of the volume of Zoology. But here was a *woman* who did not babble nothings tripplingly—who could not speak at all for very weakness—who was not mad with ecstacy at fribbles, but prostrate under a real distress. And as last night her orbit had been made first to touch, then to intersect, his own, by her being *sensible,* now the two came instantly to coincide through her being *sick.* He understood her *now*—as the riotous Walt Whitman would say, he "*included*" her; and another utterly new mental phenomenon took place in Buckle—*he had no fear* of the once terrible creature.

A change seemed wrought in his whole nature. With as little bashfulness and the same straightforward, natural gentleness with which he would have addressed a like suffering *man,* he said to her,

"Mrs. Godfrey, perhaps you would feel better for having your head bathed. I'll wet a towel and smooth your hair away from your face. It won't disturb you, will it?"

These words and their plain, manly tone were like a shock of galvanism to Mrs. Godfrey. She opened her eyes wide as in her wellest moments, lifted herself a little on her elbow, and replied, "Yes, if you please," instead of saying, "*Are you Mr. Buckle?*" which was on her tongue-tip.

He went to work in the most unhesitating, business-like, but at the same time, most tender manner. He wet the towel, wrung it out, and proceeded to caress the widow's hair with it; then to smooth her forehead and her cheeks, which grew almost rosy (from the re-action;) and finally he gave her eyes two careful little dabs—just as you or I would do to a sick wife or sister.

After arranging the ruffles of the little lace cap as deliberately and softly as if he were tending a baby, he asked if there was nothing else that he could do—nothing she would like to drink, for instance. Somehow or other Buckle's change of nature had so sharpened his perception of fitness that he never thought of proposing hot-buttered toast again.

The widow said brokenly that pounded ice and Congress water always made her feel better. Buckle would not permit any one else to pound the ice. From beginning to end he attended to the mixture—even taking the bottle out of the steward's hands and drawing the cork himself. Then he brought to his patient's berth side the refreshing, brimful tumbler, and with a teaspoon fed it to her lump by lump, drop by drop—actually having the audacity to support her white neck with his big man's-hand.

The widow finally said she had had enough and felt better. Buckle quietly set down the tumbler, and told her in a tone of mild authority to go to sleep. He would come in every now and then to look after her.

"You would make *such* a *good* doctor!" said Mrs. Godfrey, with as grateful a smile as sea-sickness ever allows.

"I believe I would," replied Buckle, firmly; "I feel it in me. I ought to have been one."

Then he tucked the quilt neatly around his patient's neck—opened the bull's-eye a little way to give her air—and repeated his injunction about sleeping. Finally, he cast his eyes on the poor little helpless woman, with a look that meant all manner of sympathy, and said, loud enough for her to hear,

"Poor little thing!"

After which he retired, shutting the door gently; and it was well he did, for elsewise would he have seen such an expression of marvel on the face in the lace cap as might have speedily brought him back to his old self-consciousness.

It was not till he had reached the deck that any perception of the change wrought in him, *as a change,* dawned upon Buckle's mind. And then, remembering what he had been doing, and the kind of Buckle he was yesterday, he sat down in mute surprise, regarding himself like a man's first view of Niagara Falls, till breakfast.

The gale steadily blew harder. When they passed Hatteras at 11 o'clock that night it was a storm. Mr. Buckle had been all day taking the place of stewardess to Mrs. Godfrey; his labors were now increased by the giving out of sundry brothers, fathers, husbands, and sons, who having fought Neptune as long as they could stand, at last capitulated without terms and lay prostrate on their battlemented berths, reduced to feminine weakness.

He carried ladies bodily to their state-rooms—bathed their heads when he had deposited them—and brought innumerable drinks of water. He prophesied a green old age to several who were going to die—they knew they were; he tossed up pillows, smoothed quilts, and (which is the whole summing up to any mind and body acquainted with marine foul weather) totally *forgot himself.* But his visits were most frequent, longest, patientest, most particular, upon No. 14.

So violent was the storm that it was not until Sunday night that the *Montgomery* came to the wharf at Savannah. Ten miles of quiet steaming up the river resuscitated the pale denizens of all the state-room mausoleums; they leaped to their feet; blessed Heaven with a ten-Columbus fervor for the sight of land; and proved their return to vitality by thinking how they looked, for the first time in seventy-two hours.

Foremost among those appeared Mrs. Belle Godfrey, in a fresh halo of tarleton as resplendent as the one which had nestled on her little head at Mr. Buckle's first introduction—a clean traveling dress—the bewitching gaiter-boots—and that charming token of civilization close by, a parasol.

She thanked Buckle in the sweetest of voices for all his *great* kindness during the voyage—and leaned upon his arm, but not with that Di Vernon air of taking him by seige which had characterized their earlier acquaintance. She seemed, indeed, rather distant, Buckle thought with pain. Ah! could she be offended with that familiarity of his manner in the state-room—the "Poor little thing!" etc., etc.? Buckle sighed, and thought that *was* it. You and I, who, of course, know all about women, are aware that it *wasn't.* That, on the contrary, the fact was that Mr. Buckle's change had transposed their relations; that now, *she* was a little bit afraid of *him.*

Buckle was hurt but said nothing, being only too glad to be allowed the pleasure of getting a sensible sick woman's nine or ten little pieces of baggage out of the hold.

This operation accomplished, Mr. Buckle and the lady took carriage for the Pulaski House, where the former immediately telegraphed news to his parents which were like life from the dead—tacking to the end of this information a request that a check on the Bank of Commerce might be instantly dispatched.

When Buckle returned to the Ladies' Parlor, Mrs. Godfrey put her purse into his hands.

"Pay for whatever we may need, keep the account yourself. We can settle hereafter, you know. I don't like to be burdened with money; it's only less troublesome than having none at all. We shall be continually wanting little things, you know—carriages—the *tailor,* etc."

Mr. Buckle understood her. He was now getting punished for all the slovenly habits of his whole bachelor life by being as far from presentable as any man of his commanding appearance can be, unless he gets torn to rags in a railway collision. So, out of respect for his own feelings as well as the widow's, he retired for a season. When he returned, he was clothed and in his right mind.

"Do you stay in Savannah all winter?" he asked, in the old-timed manner, and not quite sure that he had a right to propound even *that* question, and so strangely polite had she become. But he felt some interest in knowing, and if he hadn't, thought he ought to ask the information to *appear* interested—the storm having prevented any inquiry of the sort before.

"No, Sir. I am going to Florida—to winter at St. Augustine. Not that anything serious is the matter, but Northern cold weather is disagreeable to me. I'm sorry we must part here. When we go back don't fail to remember me to your mother."

"No, I will not. I'm sorry too."

Then there was a pause. When Mrs. Belle Godfrey resumed the conversation it was directed into another channel.

For three days more they punched up the lions of Savannah in every direction. That three-days' space was a climax and anti-climax of the following character.

Day 1. Mr. Buckle moody, and in his manner evidencing a return to the old congealed state of bashfulness which he had once broken through. The sensible woman still kind and lady-like, but too reserved for the terrible suspicions of Mr. Buckle not to base some cause.

Day 2. Almost perfect silence during all the drives and rides, save monosyllables, and sentences descriptive of scenery or the like. Mr. Buckle relapses *quite* into the old manner. The sensible woman appears not to observe it, and treats him like the kindest of distant acquaintances.

Day 3. Mr. Buckle's money comes from New York. He repays the widow with stilted thanks in the form of an oration about everlasting gratitude. At the same time he speaks of preparations for immediate return home. That afternoon Mrs. Belle Godfrey is unexpectedly seized with a violent headache, and is almost as wretched as she was on board ship. Mr. Buckle again bathes her head, holds the salts to her face, comes entirely out of himself, like a Newfoundland out of a kennel, and becomes positive, brave, forthspoken, as in the storm. Mrs. Belle Godfrey is sensible, weak, helpless, and grateful all at once. The result is, that Mr. Buckle writes home for more money to be sent on to St. Augustine. He cannot think of letting "the poor little thing" travel thither alone. Besides, he had never seen the Far South, and now was a good chance.

All this he said, innocently enough, in the letter he wrote home. Father Buckle sent it over to Piper to read. How Piper roared!

CHAPTER IV.

For some inscrutable reason, Mrs. Belle Godfrey was permitted by Providence to be in feeble health all the rest of the time in Savannah, and all the way from that port to the shell-built town where Spain first made her American houses.

Nothing seemed to do her any good. She was easier while Mr. Buckle bathed her eternally aching brow; and, in spite of that hidden malady of which Buckle was forever wishing Piper were there to make a diagnosis, her cheeks became ruddier, her eyes brighter, and the whole make-up of the terrible creature more agonizingly beautiful. Still the malady was there, and Buckle had to strain every nerve to keep it from carrying her off which he was always sure it would do some time in the course of the next two days. As he nursed her he grew more and more audacious. When on the cross-country road between the St. John's River and St. Augustine, the thing that, for fun, they there call a *carriage,* broke down in the middle of a swamp, Buckle actually lifted that hundred and twenty five pounds of clear-through solid beauty, and in his manly arms carried it fifteen rods to the next dry place.

At St. Augustine Buckle found the second remittance of funds awaiting him, but did not mention the fact to his companion, lest she should be alarmed by the thought that he was going to leave her in that feeble state. And a dreadful recklessness had come over Buckle—he wasn't sure when he *should* go home himself.

One day, as he opened his pocket-book to get some change for a darkey, he saw those abominable poetical quotations which he had got off on the dear creature when she was in health. They were on little slips of paper, as he used to carry them, representing social cartridges against the army of women. From sheer disgust at the former Buckle, he took them out, tore them in bits, and scattered them to the winds. But the last one caught his eye before it was destroyed—one which lay in a corner and had hitherto escaped his notice:

> "She let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Prey on her damask cheek—"

A thunder-bolt fell at the feet of Buckle! Lightning flashed upon his heretofore blinded eyes! Was there no way of repelling the conviction? None! It was—it *was* the truth!

That very evening, if opportunity offered for a feat with which he was as familiar as shaking hands with the man in the moon without a step-ladder, he would test this truth!

The evening came. Mrs. Godfrey had consented to try the invigorating effect of a little air and moonlight upon Buffington's Hotel veranda. The air was heavenly—likewise, as natural, the sky. Beneath the bland influences they sat softening, open neighboring chairs. "Alas that such a being should fade!" thought Buckle, looking at her beautiful face glorified by the moonlight. No one else was on the veranda. They were alone with Nature and each other. Mrs. Godfrey was more than usually frail to-night—was perfectly on Buckle's level of prose humanity—and he was not in the least afraid of her.

"You take such kind care of me!" said the widow, sadly.

"It is in my nature, Madam—I can't help it."

"How your mother and sister must prize you, you are so thoughtful!"

"I have little thinking to do for *them.* They are never sick and fragile. I never took care of anybody till I took care of you. I have got so accustomed to caring for somebody now, that I shall miss it very much when I go *away.*"

Buckle meant to say this slyly; but being an unpracticed hand, felt so ashamed of himself for using the word "go" on the strength of so small a stock of intention, that his voice trembled like a green scamp trying to utter counterfeit notes.

"Ah!" replied the widow, more pensively than before. "You will soon get somebody to take care of."

An opening! Buckle commended himself to Heaven and struck out.

"So I shall. Did you know that I had been—in love?"

"No! Really?" said the widow, with a start.

"Yes. And I mean very soon to get married. Only one thing troubles me. I never had any training with women. I don't know how to propose. I should make an awful botch of it if I tried. Ten to one the lady would laugh at me."

"Not if she loved you," said Mrs. Belle, very sadly.

"Well, now I have the utmost confidence in your good taste. As I told you when I first knew you before you began to be so feeble—I say again, *You are the most sensible woman I ever knew!* And I'd like to ask your advice about how to go to work. I don't feel any fear in asking *you,* for we've been so much together in times of weakness and distress that you seem like an old friend: we understand each other."

"I think we do," said Mrs. Belle, confidently, though she knew *she* didn't.

"Put it in this form. Suppose I were with the lady in a quiet place, *do* you think it would be necessary for me to *go down on my knees,* when people might come out and catch me any minute?"

"Of course not. That is never done out of novels."

"Or to lay my hand upon my breast and say, '*I swear,*' in a loud tone of voice that might attract people in the court-yard?"

"That would be equally uncalled for."

"Very well. And seeing I don't know how to talk sentimentally as I would if I had been trained, and wouldn't like to come out with a blunt 'Do you love me?' how do you think, looking at it *sensibly,* that it would do if I were to say *nothing at all,* but merely put my face down to hers—which is very beautiful, I assure you—and though I never did such a thing before in my life, give her a kiss?"

"She couldn't fail to understand you perfectly, if she loved you."

Mr. Buckle rose from his chair deliberately, cast his mustache over each shoulder, bent his tall form, and before the widow had the least idea what was coming, *did that very thing.*

CHAPTER V.

I saw him do it again. I was standing beside him at the time, with a pair of white kids on, and can swear to it. Though to be sure he only followed the pious example of the Rev. Dr. Bedell. *He* did it first. I did it afterward. And it was very nice.

Another sail on the *Montgomery* then succeeded.

"Bless my soul!" said the Captain, "has it come to this? I thought it would, Mrs. Belle, when you said you'd keep your eye on him."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Buckle, as we passed the Sandy Hook Light, "how little I thought the last time I saw that lantern what a mercy was my being left—no, *not* left, I mean! If everything hadn't happened in just that way—if I hadn't been caught aboard—if I hadn't seen woman somewhere within range of me and no possibility of getting out—if I hadn't learned her in her little distresses—"

"And her '*fragility,*'" said Mrs. Belle with a malicious twinkle.

"—I had then been a bachelor to this moment, utterly thrown away!"

"Which was kindly averted," said Mrs. Belle Buckle, "by Fate's better throw—'*Thrown Together.*'"

SHOTS AT THE SECESSIONISTS.

THE BURSTING OF THE

SECESSION BUBBLES.

I'll block that game, you thieving rascal!

Jeff. chewing the Secession Flag-Root

"He will hold on to the bitter end."—Davis Speech.

Gen. Scott about making a ten strike.

Trees-on a hard road to travel

Uncle Sam cutting down the "*Secession Tree*" just as it is in full bloom, against the wishes of the *planter.*

J. D. arrives in Washington from the "Sunny South." | J. D. departs from Washington for a warmer climate.

Gen. Scott killing the Secession Hydra.

Wit and Humor.

WAR WIT.

The heaviest item for the maintenance of the Secession army—Its *running* expenses.

The three secession papers in the First District of Kentucky perished in a single week. They were all very green, and probably they were destroyed by the army-worm.

Con.—[By a disciple of Soyer.] What is the favorite salad of the South this season:—*Lettuce alone.*

Exchange of Colors.—While Gen. Butler is getting the Blacks, the slaveholders are getting the Blues.

The Rows that all are Praising at this Season.—Rows of corn, beans, potatoes, cabbages, etc., in the country.

Works for the Army.—The "boys" of the Fire Brigade are very anxious to get hold of "De Foe's Works."

Ethnological Con.—From what race are the F. F. Va descended? From the Slave-own-ian.

"Columbiad, the Gun of the Ocean," is *Vanity Fair's* song for the naval artillery.

Wigfall, disguised as a cattle-drover, has been in Washington; at least such is the report. If he had disguised himself as a gentleman, he might have passed unchallenged everywhere.

Comic State of things at Richmond.—A Capital without a capital. A President without a precedent. A Secretary of the Treasury without a treasury. A Secretary of the Navy without a navy. A Secretary of the Interior without any interior. A Secretary of Foreign Affairs without any foreign affairs. A Postmaster-General without any post-office. A Judiciary without any judgment.

What would Jeff. Davis be likely to say if you asked him how he felt? *Loan-some.*

The North is fast drifting to anarchy.—*Speech of Alex. H. Stephens.*

Yes; about one hundred thousand Northerners have drifted into Virginia already, and the current in that direction sets very strong hereabouts. We observe several currents at the West. Where is Professor Maury? Won't he give us his theory of this extraordinary "set" of the tide?

Where on earth is Jeff. Davis.—*Louisville Journal.*

We don't know where he is on earth; but we know where he ought to be, and where he will be after he leaves the earth. If not, what's the use of such a place.—*Frankfort Commonwealth.*

Here they Lie.—Jeff. Davis and his Vice, Stephens, are very great leaders, no doubt, but we do think that Tombs ought to be put over them.

Not so Bad.—The ladies have adopted a red, white, and blue hoop, which is called the war-hoop.

Mrs. Partington says there isn't enough of the spirit of '76 left in the South to fill up a fluid lamp.

Gen. Pillow advertises for the head of Hon. Emerson Etheridge. It is certain there is not a man in this wide country who so much needs a head as this same Gen. Pillow.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 13, 6, 4, 5, 6, 7 is a boy's name.
My 5, 14, 4, 17 is the name of an island.
My 14, 11, 17, 8 is one we should despise.
My 6, 2, 4, 12, 13, 20, 18 is what we all love.
My 16, 16, 4, 4, 2, 21 is a small animal.
My 1, 19, 6, 13, 1, 2, 17 is one of the Southern States.
My 10, 15, 6, 11, 16, 16 causes a good deal of talk.
My 8, 16, 6, 4, 14, 22 is a hard substance.
My whole is the name of one who staked reputation, fortune, and life for the liberty of our country.

Rome, Lee Co., Mich., 1861. Frances S. Daily.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 13, 14, 22, 6, 5 is a town in Maine.
My 7, 23, 2, 22, 15, 6, 24 is a county in New York.
My 5, 1, 3, 8 is a river in Missouri.
My 13, 10, 23, 23, 22, 6 is an island in Oceanica.
My 11, 7, 6, 12, 10, 8 is a city in England.
My 12, 22, 23, 17 is a lake in Ireland.
My 7, 14, 4, 10 is a county in Indiana.
My 14, 10, 11, 3, 6, 12, 16, 18, 22 is a town in Michigan.
My 13, 4, 22, 16, 22 is a river in South America.
My 9, 7, 20, 21, 19, 6, 17, 22, 6 is a town in Germany.
My whole is a well known adage.

Glendale, Ohio, 1861. J. M. O.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A and B engaged to reap a field for four pounds and ten shillings; and as A alone could reap it in nine days, they promise to complete it in five days. They found, however, that they were obliged to call in C, an inferior workman, to assist them for the two last days, in consequence of which B received three shillings and nine pence less than he otherwise would have done. In what time would B or C alone reap the field? J. B. Harmond.

Covert, Seneca Co., N. Y., 1861.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 600.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—Wealth maketh many friends.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Alexander H. Stephens.

Answer to Riddle:—A clergyman, or a justice of the peace.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—Tower 60 feet; visible distance 625 miles, diameter would be 3,437 4999 7 22 miles.

Answer to Surveying Problem:—710.193 chains between the fort and battery A; 1042.522 chains between the fort and battery C, 934.201 chains between the fort and battery B.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LARGEST CIRCULATED
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Terms in Advance:

Subscription—Two Dollars A Year. To Clubs and Agents as follows:—Three Copies one year, for $5; Six, and one free to club agent, for $10; Ten, and one free, for $15; Fifteen, and one free, for $21; Twenty, and one free, for $25, and any greater number at same rate—only $1.25 per copy,—with an extra free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Twenty. Club papers directed to individuals and sent to as many different Post-Offices as desired. As we pre-pay American postage on papers sent to the British Provinces, our Canadian agents and friends must add 12½ cents per copy to the club rates of the Rural. The lowest price of copies sent to Europe, &c., is $2.50—including postage.